A WORD ON THE MERITS:

—OR,—

ENGLAND'S "KETTLE-OF-FISH"

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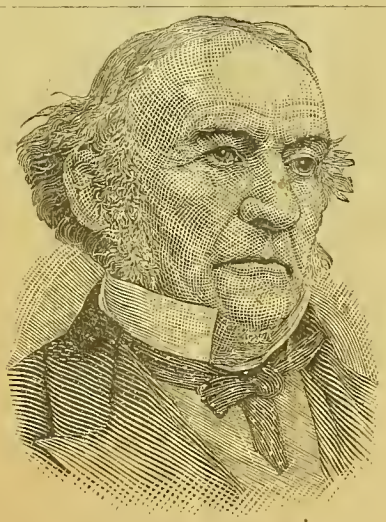
RULE IN

IRELAND.

[FROM (AND SUPPLEMENT TO) ST. JOSEPH'S ADVOCATE.]

Inscribed respectfully to Rt. Rev. Monsignor Edward McColgan, P.P., V.G., of Baltimore.



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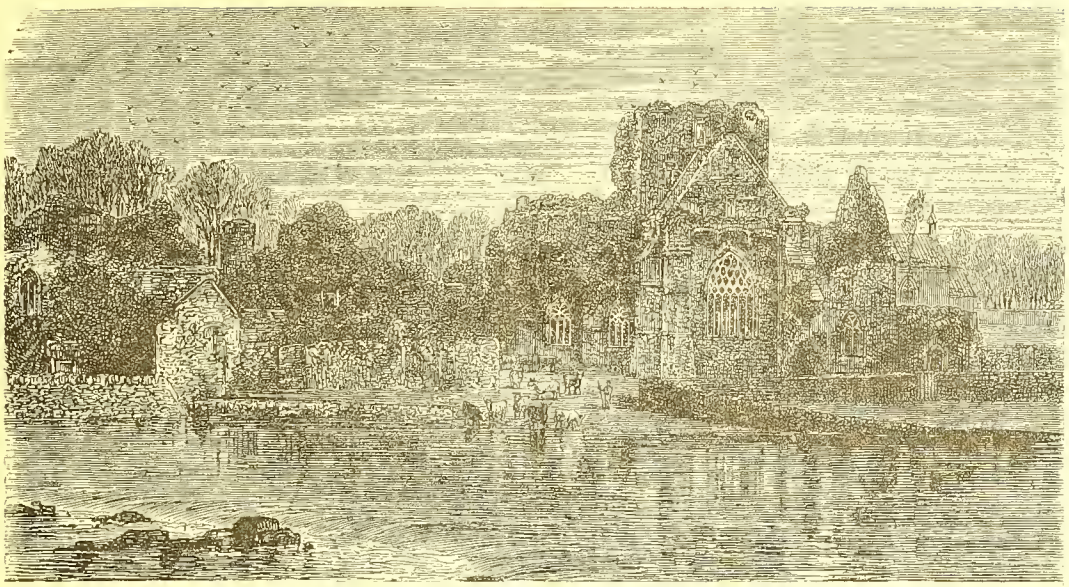
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE CLADDAGH (GALWAY) FISHING FLEET BLESSED BY THE PRIEST BEFORE PUTTING TO SEA.

"THE appearance of the village of Claddagh is dirty, but the houses are clean enough inside; and be it known that before the famine their houses were models of cleanliness; and we must recollect that those manure heaps which frequently offend the eye in Irish villages have no offensive odor, on account of the deodorizing power of the peat which forms a large portion of the compost. The men and women have generally clean linen, although often covered with rags. It is a general fact worthy of note that in Ireland a dirty outside generally covers a clean heart." —*The Ulster Journal of Archæology.*

A LITTLE old Gazetteer published in Dublin, 1789, says of Galway: "The salmon and herring fisheries are carried on here with great spirit, and employ *several hundred boats.*" But that was under an Irish Parliament.



HOLY CROSS ABBEY, ON THE RIVER SUIR, COUNTY TIPPERARY. (BEFORE ENGLISH INVASION).

IRELAND.

The Record: Invasion—Slaughter—Confiscation—Extermination—The Slave Ship—Priest Hunting and Penal Code Against Conscience—Forbidding the Schoolmaster and Penalties on the Alphabet—Killing Manufactures—Slaughter of Commerce—Seduction of Innocence—Bribery—Political Corruption and Swindle of a Legislature—Defamation of Character even Geographical—Starvation—Degradation—Depopulation and Slavery—All Legalized by Statute to Break which was "a Crime!"

We have nothing to do with politics as popularly understood, but have much to do with race hatred and oppression and every phase of slavery, whether black or white, red or brown. This our readers know. For eleven years we have advocated the rights and exposed the wrongs of the African and the Indian, no matter where the gospel of hate or oppression was preached or practiced, giving much space to such remote places as Brazil, the Sandwich Islands and the Dark Continent, as well as to Texas and Dakota; and would to God that our humble advocacy at any date during those years were one-half as opportune and practical as it is to-day when the very air is full of our present subject and the reading world is awaiting with bated breath the legislative battle now pending in the British Commons. In all probability the first tug of war will have gone into history before these lines see the light. Thus the subject is forced upon us here and now. Our readers call for it, not only those of Irish birth and extraction who are simply absorbed by it (and these are our main support), but others as well who want to be posted on the merits of this burning question. Not a blow struck at white slavery that is not one leveled as well at the black bull's-eye of the other; no mistaking, then, how the colored people will enjoy this indictment. When Chauncey M. Depew (who went out of his way at the Chicago celebration last October to insult the Catholic Church) could have lately assured Mr. Gladstone, while his guest at Hawarden, that out of sixty-four millions of people, barely a tenth part of one million in these States could be found opposed to the Irish demand for legislative freedom, we know well how this paper will be received by the *Catholic* portion of those sixty-four millions, bishops, priests and monastic saints, as well as the faithful laity. We can't assist this sacred cause by $30,000, like Major John Byrne of New York, but as "every little helps," this is *ours*.

We are not dealing with any abstract legislative question of Home Rule, for that is politics, but with the *cause and root* of periodic famine, the slavery of coercion acts by the score in this one century, the half-starved condition of the laboring classes from year to year, the legislative and ad-

ministrative *management* which has got rid of the Catholic population by nearly one-half since 1841 and will not allow it to grow, while Orangemen multiply, grow fat and kick. The glaring outrage on common sense of five Britishers to one Irishman in the London Commons voting on *purely and exclusively Irish bills* to whose merits, because local, many of these *five to one* (English, Scotch and Welsh) are utter aliens and many *avowed enemies!*—this fundamental and notorious wrong, this great international scandal and nineteenth-century anachronism, has had full swing for ninety-two years *with the result just stated*, a result easily foreseen and repeatedly foretold from the first broachment of the swindle one hundred years ago.

Nor is this all, for there is the Executive! a truly terrible root of wrong in itself, when the discretionary powers of Dublin Castle, an anti-Irish judiciary, packed juries and a standing army are considered. Witness the Rebellion of 1798, in no sense a Parliamentary result, but a well proven Executive concoction (admitted by Mr. Gladstone himself) for the Irish Parliament was completely independent of the English legislature at that time, and had won the respect of Catholics by the Act of 1793. By that concoction Ireland lost her independent legislature of which Mr. Gladstone's bill is but a mere installment!

How true then the argument here attempted when now at last honest Englishmen by the million, if not by a clear majority of the population, (including *every member of the present government*) *acknowledge it, are converts to it, lead the van in proclaiming it, and are committed to its statutory enactment!*

Was there ever within the memory of living men such a moral victory as this? It is certainly one of the most signal in modern history. With its bare announcement we might be well content and close this article, but we don't think that would satisfy our readers any more than ourselves. Our readers may want to judge for themselves from a full statement of the facts in the case, and we want to give *our own* widow's mite to so sacred a cause.

DIGGING FOR THE ROOTS.

Can any rational being take exception to the following position, as being untrue or unfair—that the social phenomenon we are about to investigate must be attributed to Almighty God, as the Author of nature, or to man, or to both; in other words:

1. Either the geographical limits of the island are too circumscribed for the population;

2. Or the soil is cursed with sterility;

3. Or the climate is invested with a veto over the gifts of the soil and the energies of the people;

4. Or the people are too lazy to work;

5. Or a sufficiency of work upon their own soil is not within their reach;

6. Or the remuneration of labor in that land is miserably inadequate;

7. Or the inhabitants are improvident;

8. Or they are robbed of the fruits of industry and economy by bad government, legislative and executive.

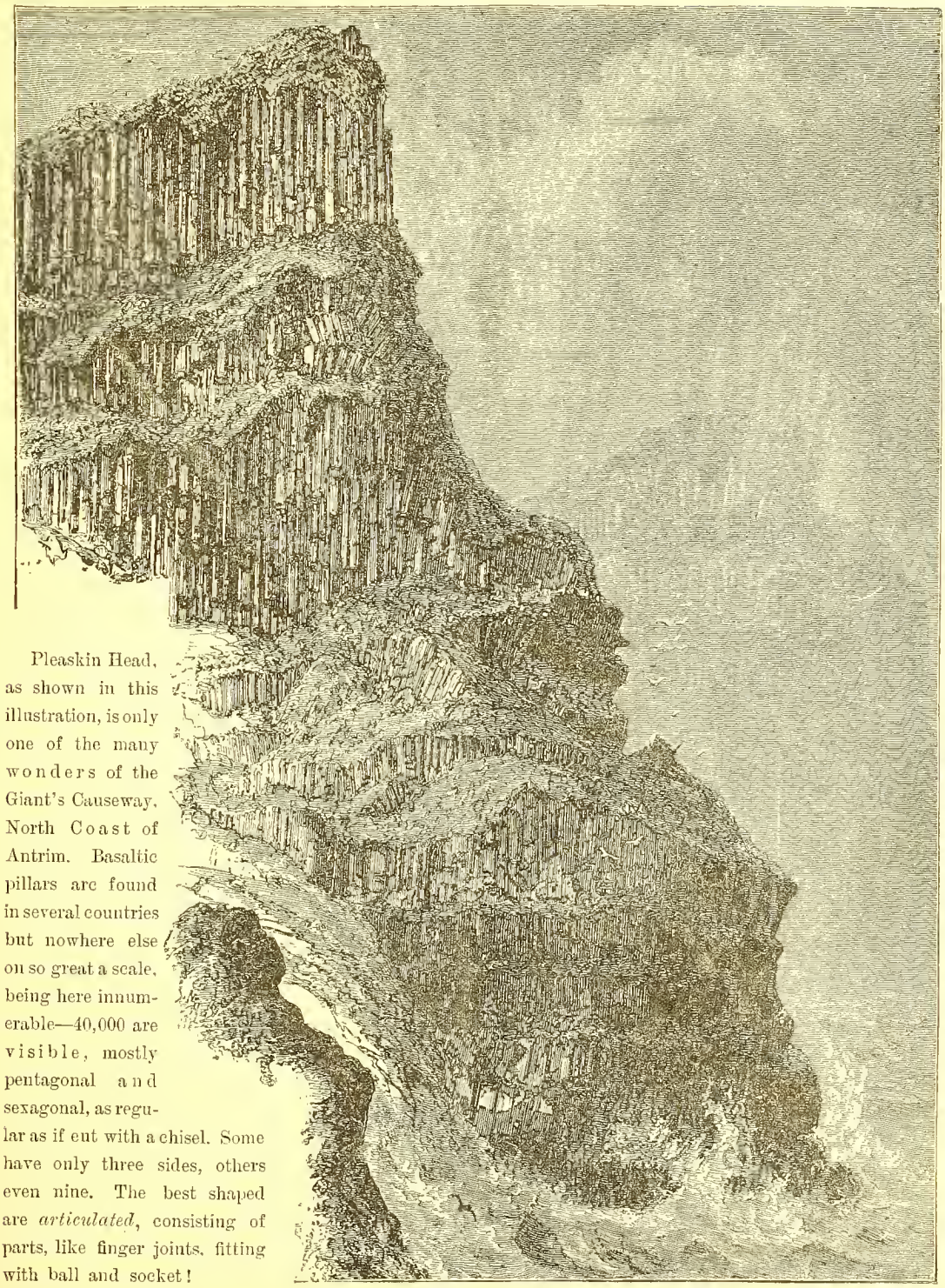
Inevitably, the solution we seek is to be found in the alternatives just put, taken individually or collectively.

God's House Must Fit His Family.

FIRST ALTERNATIVE—IS IRELAND TOO SMALL FOR THE POPULATION?

According to two independent official surveys of Ireland, its superficial extent has been differently stated at 31,874 and 32,512 square miles, or about 21,000,000 of acres. Many a kingdom of Europe before the late changes on its map not so large. Ireland is more extensive than Bavaria, *once and a half* as large as the kingdom of Denmark or the kingdom of Greece, *more than double* the size of the Swiss Republic, *two and a half times* the area of Holland or Hanover, *nearly three times* the superficies of Belgium, and *more than four times* that of Wurtemberg or Saxony—all *kingdoms*. In short, there were, till lately, *sixteen* sovereign states in Europe (not counting the smaller republics and principalities) *not one* of which is equal to Ireland, either in superficial or agricultural extent. On this side of the Atlantic, neither Vermont nor Maryland is *a third* of its size; and if Rhode Island, Delaware, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey and New Hampshire were *all put together*, they would make a territory little larger! Take these six sovereign States and reduce their peoples, by any means natural or political, to the starving condition of Ireland, and see how the world would be shocked! In 1840 the aggregate population of these six States barely amounted to 2,000,000. At the same date the British Poor-Law Commissioners reported 2,385,000 people as depending, for thirty weeks in the year, on charity in Ireland!!

Will it be said that the population was supernumerary by that precise number? Very well, they have been got rid of with a vengeance: population of Ireland per census of



Pleaskin Head, as shown in this illustration, is only one of the many wonders of the Giant's Causeway, North Coast of Antrim. Basaltic pillars are found in several countries but nowhere else on so great a scale, being here innumerable—40,000 are visible, mostly pentagonal and sexagonal, as regular as if cut with a chisel. Some have only three sides, others even nine. The best shaped are *articulated*, consisting of parts, like finger joints, fitting with ball and socket!

1841—8,175,124; its total by that of 1881—5,174,836, a reduction in the forty years of *three millions!* The latest census was that of 1891 reporting *another reduction* down to precisely 4,468,248! What became of them? Exactly this—so many died of starvation between the autumn of 1845 and the winter of 1848 that the flight from the country came to be known as the Exodus, while the former has ever since been called the Great Famine to distinguish it from the periodic little ones. The failure of the potato crop at the former date could never have produced these results if the other crops and meats had not been swept to England to pay the Government and its landlords. By the hundred thousand sheep, hogs and cattle are exported to England every year—think of two millions nearly of these three alone in a single year, 1880! Nor would the failure of one article of produce, even though of prime importance, result so fatally if the prosperous manufactures of former times had not been discouraged and some actually broken down by *direct* legislation in the interests of English exports of the same class. This serious charge cannot be denied, for there is the statute book in black and white to-day, and further on, in its proper place, we shall hold it up to the light. We must not lose sight of the present issue—the relation of population to territory. All the literary hacks of the Government and the Government itself did their utmost to account for the poverty of Ireland by the density of its population. If God created fewer babies all would be right. The fault was not to be laid at the door of the Government, but at the gate of heaven. If Irish women were less virtuous there would be less poverty. Reduce the population and you have the remedy. Well, the population has been reduced, but where is the remedy? Fifty years ago J. R. McCullough wrote: "There can be no question that this wonderful density of population in Ireland is the *immediate* cause of the abject poverty and depressed condition of the great bulk of the people." Notice the saving adjective "*immediate.*" As well may the abettors of lynching here say the *immediate* cause of the murder was the *rope.* To give such a "cause" for a grave condition of things is the merest pretext and little short of a palpable calumny against God. Whatever nature is capable of producing nature is capable of sustaining; as Mr. Caulfield Heron, LL.D., says in a pamphlet just issued, "*Population is everywhere proportioned to the means of subsistence;*" and at this hour more than one European, not to say Asiatic state, has a larger population, in proportion to territory, than Ireland has ever had. Cowper, advocating the cause of the brute creation, insists, that not even the "creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight," should be tread upon *where God placed them,*

"Who having formed, designed them an abode."

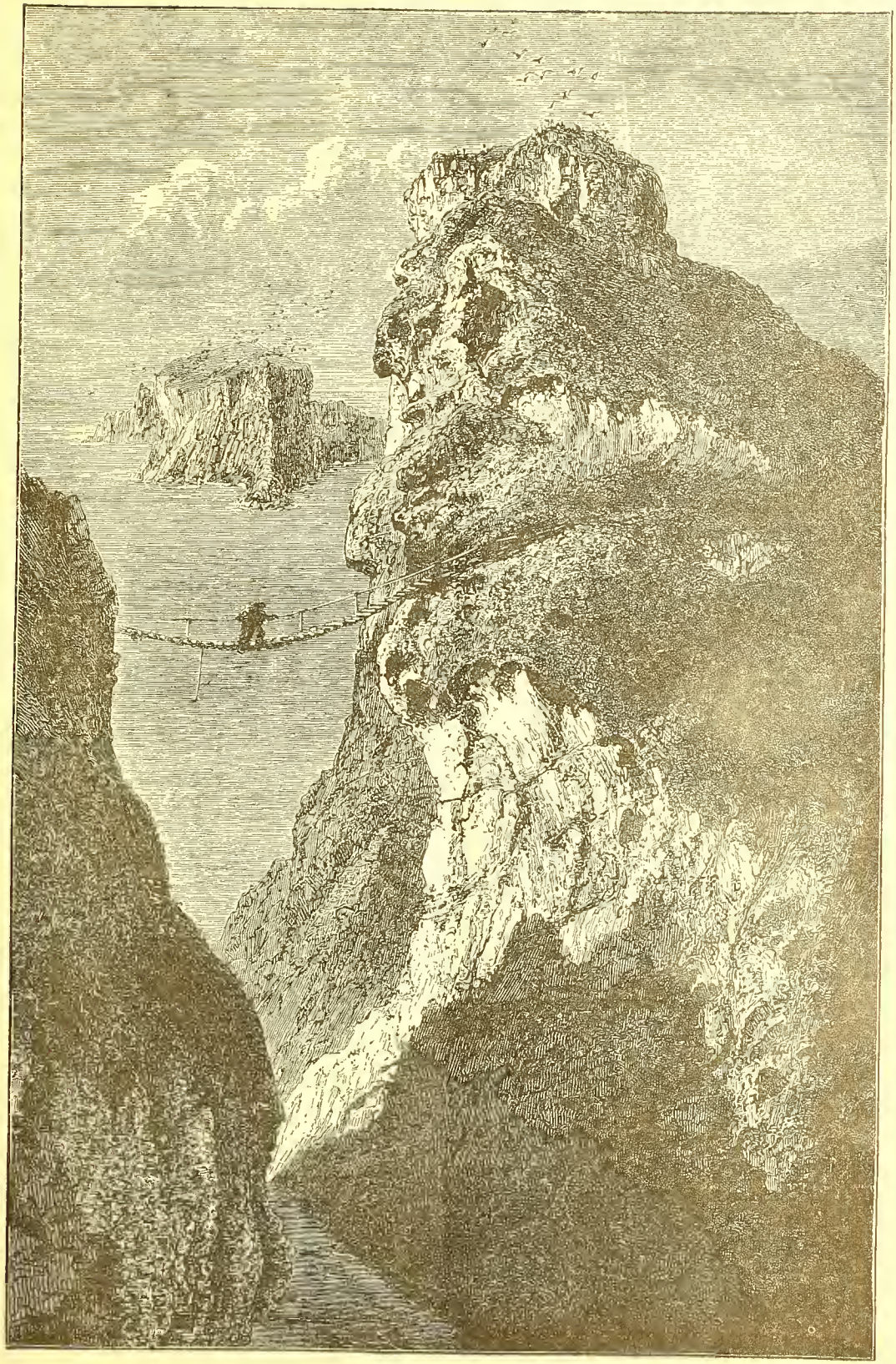
Be that as it may, the very thing proposed took place; the density of '41 was pretty well thinned out in '61, *nearly two and a half millions got rid of* even then in one way or another, and since the latter date *another million,* as per the last census of '91, with this result at both dates—appeals to America to save whole districts from starvation still! The very same last year ('92) made memorable by Balfour's ostentatious tour through the famine-stricken counties.

True, Ireland was more densely peopled forty-five or fifty years ago than some kingdoms on the continent, including France, Austria and some German States, but when had it the density of Belgium, Saxony or the Netherlands? As respects England, here are some interesting figures: Population of England and Wales, as per actual count commencing with the *first* census taken, 1821—12,172,664; 1831—14,051,986; 1841—16,035,198. At the same dates the same census reports gave Ireland these credits respectively: 6,801,827; 7,767,401 and 8,175,124. Thus the combined populations of England and Wales fell short every time of doubling that of Ireland, which at the Legislative Union (so to call the swindle of 1801) was about one-half of all the people then credited to England, Scotland and Wales *united,* for on the best authorities here are the figures: All Great Britain, 10,689,933; Ireland, 5,216,329. But how is it now? *Six to one!* So, after all, the Great Famine was very *useful,* as any one could have seen in advance, and why interfere with the little ones turning up every two or three years when so much good resulted from non-prevention of the big one! Think of it, a smaller population in 1893 than in 1801 by *seven hundred and forty-eight thousand!*

What About Waste Land?

SECOND ALTERNATIVE—CHARACTER OF THE LAND.

But it may be justly remarked: Sir, you seem to forget that territorial extent does not cover your assumption, unless your spade or your ploughshare can turn up more or less of soil upon every foot of it. Very well; and having treated of the quantity we now examine the *quality* of that territorial superficies. The Ordnance survey of Ireland determined 2,833,000 acres of bog, 630,825 acres of fresh



ROPE BRIDGE TO CORRIG-A-REDE, (ISLAND), NEAR GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, COUNTY ANTRIM.

water (one lake nearly 100,000, the largest in Western Europe), 374,482 of plantation, 42,925 under towns, and 52,800 of mountain heights, computed from a base line of 2,000 feet above low water. It is quite common in Ireland to cultivate the gently-rounded hills, and appropriate to pasture the more rugged mountain bases to a height of one thousand feet above the level of the sea, or seven hundred above the great, central, Limestone Plain. Making every acre of deduction from the arable area on account of bog and mountain and strand and forest and lake and river and town and highway and rocky upland and untillable lowland, there was still left for the husbandman in 1880 the precise *agricultural* surface of 15,355,598 acres. Here are two and a half Belgiums! These fifteen millions include a large percentage of reclaimed bog, forest, mountain land, etc., reported as "waste" in the Ordnance survey and the census of 1841, and the work of reclamation is still going on. We select Belgium because it supports the densest population of any country in Europe, and we are supposing that its every acre is arable which is not so, very far from it. Within our own experience one-fifth of the kingdom was a forest, and even then it stood at the head of Europe in point of population to the square mile. Now if Belgium can support six millions without handing round the hat, surely an arable land more than twice as large, *not including one square mile of mountain, moore or meer*, in nearly the same latitude, ought to support in comfort twelve or fourteen millions. The best writers, experts of authority, say twenty millions; and one, a Mr. Owen, who traveled through Ireland in 1823, says fifty! Here are his words:

I saw a soil fertile beyond the previous conception I had formed of it; a climate well suited to the soil; rivers, harbors and coasts presenting great natural advantages—a country, in fact, possessing resources which, whenever she shall be called into action, will be more than sufficient to support in high comfort *upwards of fifty millions of inhabitants*, while at present the island has only seven millions, who, if their *industry* were properly directed, could with ease and pleasure to themselves create abundance of all the necessaries, comforts and beneficial luxuries of life for a population of at least four times their number.

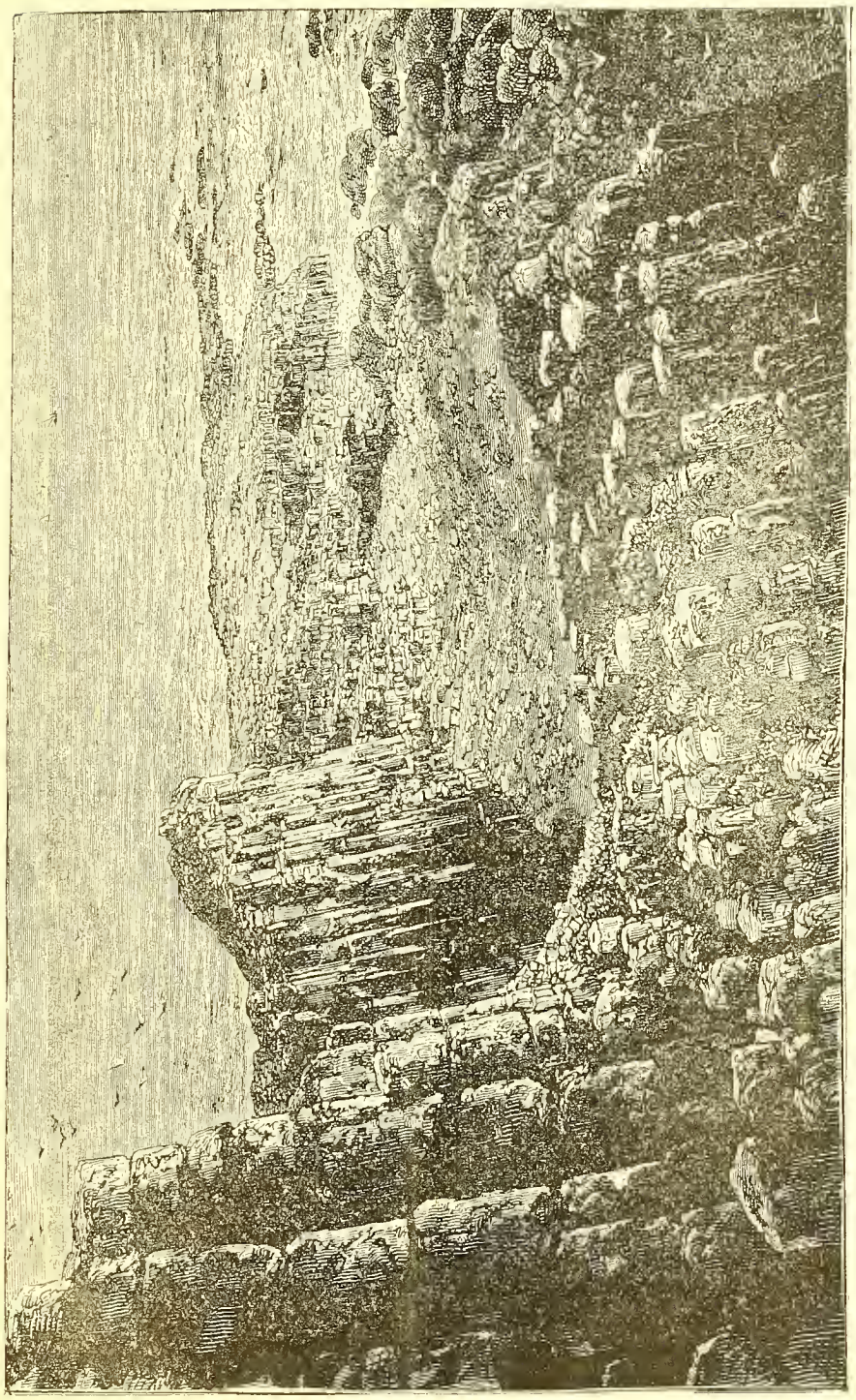
If this be the celebrated Dale Owen, our quondam minister to Spain, we never thought he could make such a fool of himself. He seems to think that God made Ireland for the Irish, to increase and multiply and have enough to eat—such nonsense! Who would then leave a happy home to "take the shilling" and a red coat (instead of a green one) and go off in thousands to be shot—go off in other thousands every year to save harvests and pocket insults beyond the sea (crossed twice in four months!)—go off in more thousands to man a merchant service, which so kindly relieved them of their crops and flocks from beginning to end of the Great Famine!—go off in still more thousands to man a navy which, up to the repeal of the Corn Laws, acted sentry at all their harbors as that dread calamity progressed and humanity screamed "Open the ports!" Oh, that Famine of '45, '46 and '47 was such a god-send! *See how poverty in Ireland becomes capital in England*, keeping up her army, saving her harvest, running her ships and manning her navy!

THE MOUNTAINS.

The so-called "waste land" of Ireland consists in the main of mountains and bogs, if the highest hills there can properly be called "mountains." Only one comes up to the four-fifths of a mile perpendicular, and the magic variety of Killarney has luckily got the striking contrast of that, too. The whole island is elevated, 300 feet above low water being quite common on the level plain, thus needing the providential protection from storms of the bason-like rim made around it by the mountains. In every sense they are a great natural blessing—a protection from wind and wave, a feature of endless variety in the highest degree of the picturesque, with many touches of the sublime, as our illustrations show, and, in an industrial sense, nearly all a source of profit in minerals, timber, pasture, peet, fruit and a species of wild cotton, for both of which latter a market has been recently opened in England. Only the rocky peaks of the most lofty are exceptions to the general rule just stated, say those of 3,000 feet above the Atlantic or 2,600 from the cultivated soil at their bases. What a fraction of the island these summits occupy in the aggregate is easily shown when we give the actual survey not only of these, but of the whole surface of Ireland exceeding 2,000 feet in height, and here it is, 82½ *square miles*—just one-fourth of little Louth, the smallest of the thirty-two counties! Whole districts depend on mountain bog for their winter's fuel; and fuel of another nature, so easily trampled out of sight on the plain, has held its ground for generations in the mountains, defying horse, foot and artillery behind those barricades of God!

THEIR VALUE AS PASTURES.

As authorities on agricultural subjects Arthur Young and Edward Wakefield stand at the head of English authors. Their works on Ireland were a startling revelation



THE AMPHITHEATRE—GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

to Englishmen nearly a century ago. "In fact," says Young, "the mountains of Ireland are the principal nurseries for those numerous herds of bullocks and cows which are fattened or fed on the luxuriant lowlands and almost the only nurseries for those that are exported to England." Will the reader believe it, that the number exported to England during the famine year 1847 were 190,952!—*one class only*, the live beef, not including one sheep or hog, fowl or fish, whose hundreds of thousands taken off the same year we shall see further on.

See for almost incredible figures *Encyclopædia Britannica* article, "Ireland," where this astounding fact may be seen—nearly *three and one-half millions* of bullocks and cows, precisely 3,441,503 exported from Ireland to England in the *five years* ending 1880!

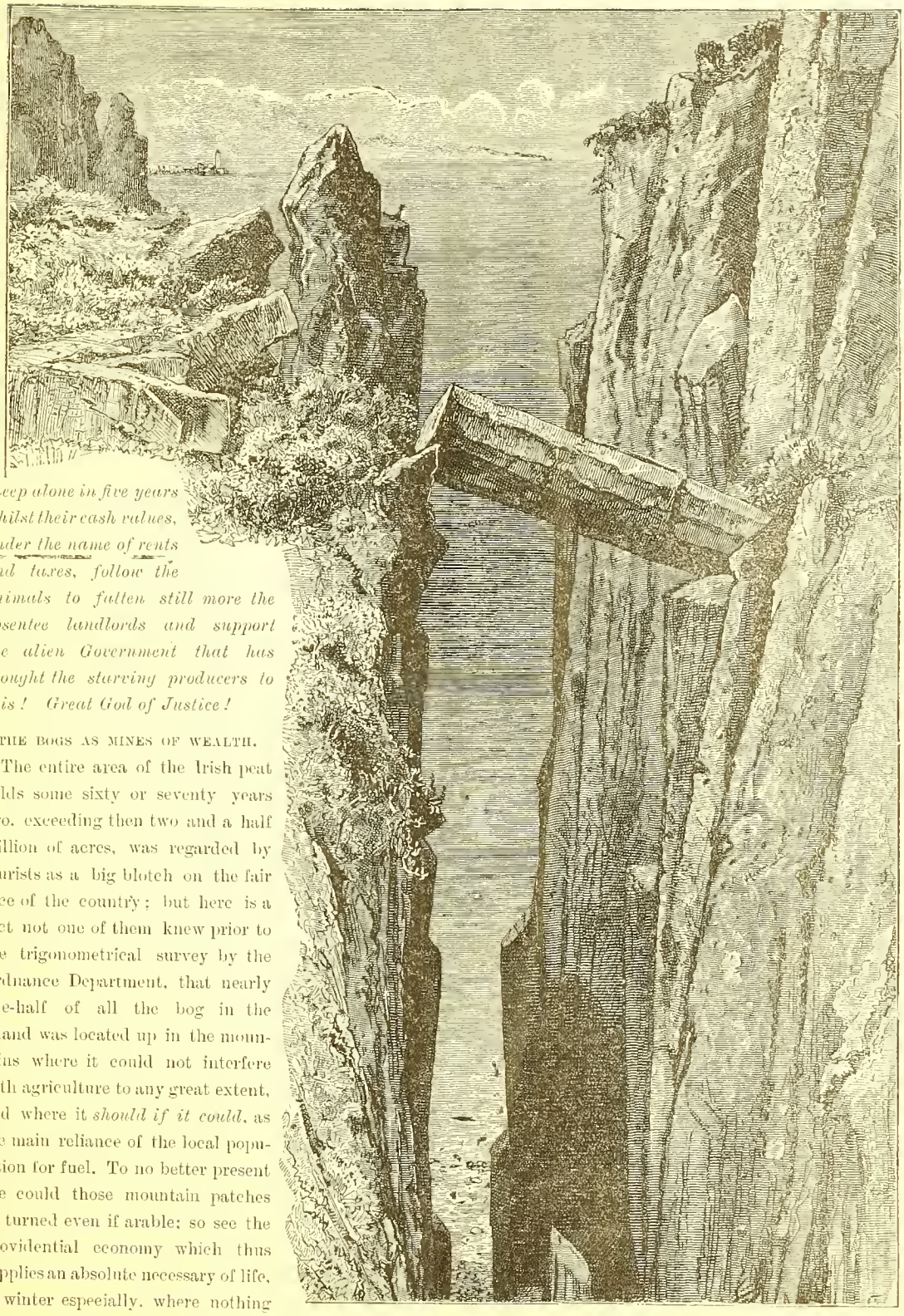
This was the last year prior to *Scribner's American edition* of 1881, page 227, the only copy of the *Britannica* we have. Further on in their proper places will be found more startling facts of similar import; but now we are climbing the mountains and cannot help noticing those "numerous herds" of cattle whose nurseries they were, "almost the only nurseries" for those millions exported to England, as proving the point we want to make (and that sufficiently without the digression of a full enumeration) namely, that the mountains of Ireland are fields of immense profit, *quite independently of their mineral resources*, and therefore not to be set down indiscriminately as "waste lands." Very similar is the testimony of Wakefield: "I have seen bullocks of the weight of 180 stone (2520 lbs.) rapidly fattening on land incapable of receiving the print of a horse's foot even in the wettest season and where there were not many inches of soil!"

This phenomenal *virtue* of the Irish soil throughout the mountain districts of the west is a matter of astonishment to tourists, many of whom have improved on Wakefield as Wakefield has improved on Young; for the latter calls such land a "nursery" to be supplemented by the "luxurious lowlands;" whilst the former asserts what he saw himself, that the supplement was not always needed, as the heaviest cattle *fatten* on the thin soil so graphically described. Yet, strange to say, the greatest wonder of all is the most notorious fact of all—fine cereal and other crops raised every year from Lough Swilly to Bantry Bay at elevations of 400 and 500 feet above the Atlantic on that identical rock-soil of the mountain regions!

As to sheep, the uplands are all-sufficient, both as nurseries and fatteners. On McGillicuddy's Reeks, says Arthur Young, "sheep fatten *better* than in the lowlands." These are the mountains spoken of above as the most elevated in Ireland, yet lacking a thousand feet of one vertical mile. If the typical ruggedness, spiral sharpness and saw-like edge of the true mountain can be met with in Ireland, here it is in all its semi-nudity from head to waist, overlooking the fairyland of Killarney. Yet sheep fatten on the slopes of these mountains not only as well as on the plains, but, according to this very high authority, "*better*." We saw above how England takes the beef from Ireland by the million head of cattle; but does she take the live mutton too? *Yes in about the very same numbers!*

In the year of the great legislative swindle, 1800, when Ireland was *chiseled* out of the exercise of her legislative faculty, only 871 sheep were exported to England, and none at all ten years before under the independent Parliament of Dublin, as per the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But how stands the case ever since? Why, a constant increase in the exports of sheep as well as of cattle (in 1847 the same year of famine—324,179 sheep taken by England,) up to the last year, 1880, for which we have returns, when 711,491 head of sheep, in that single year were shipped to England, making a total, if added to those of the four years immediately preceding, of 3,404,651—*nearly three and a half millions in five years!* See the same English authority, Table XVIII, and see the results of the great legislative fraud turning up all the time as naturally as thorns in a briar patch, when one is actually in search of something else! For our present subject is the industrial value of the mountains so commonly represented by ignorant or prejudiced tourists of the cockney stamp as of little or no value at all in that sense, however much they may add to the scenic attractions of the country.

Of course it would be as big a blunder on the other hand to credit the uplands with all the beef and mutton exported. Since the Great Famine and consequent Exodus roof-trees have been leveled by the thousand—indeed if we add the hearths quenched by landlord extermination before and since, we can in all truth say by *the tens of thousands* —the finest agricultural portions of the "luxuriant lowlands" have been turned into grazing land and sheep walks with the terrible results stated—*the very elements of animal generation taken from the Irish soil and given to England at the exhausting rate of SEVEN MILLION oxen and*



sheep alone in five years whilst their cash values, under the name of rents and taxes, follow the animals to fatten still more the absentee landlords and support the alien Government that has brought the starving producers to this! Great God of Justice!

THE BOGS AS MINES OF WEALTH.

The entire area of the Irish peat fields some sixty or seventy years ago, exceeding then two and a half million of acres, was regarded by tourists as a big blotch on the fair face of the country; but here is a fact not one of them knew prior to the trigonometrical survey by the Ordnance Department, that nearly one-half of all the bog in the Island was located up in the mountains where it could not interfere with agriculture to any great extent, and where it *should if it could*, as the main reliance of the local population for fuel. To no better present use could those mountain patches be turned even if arable; so see the providential economy which thus supplies an absolute necessary of life, in winter especially, where nothing

GRAY MAN'S PATH, FAIR HEAD, (BENMORE), EAST OF GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

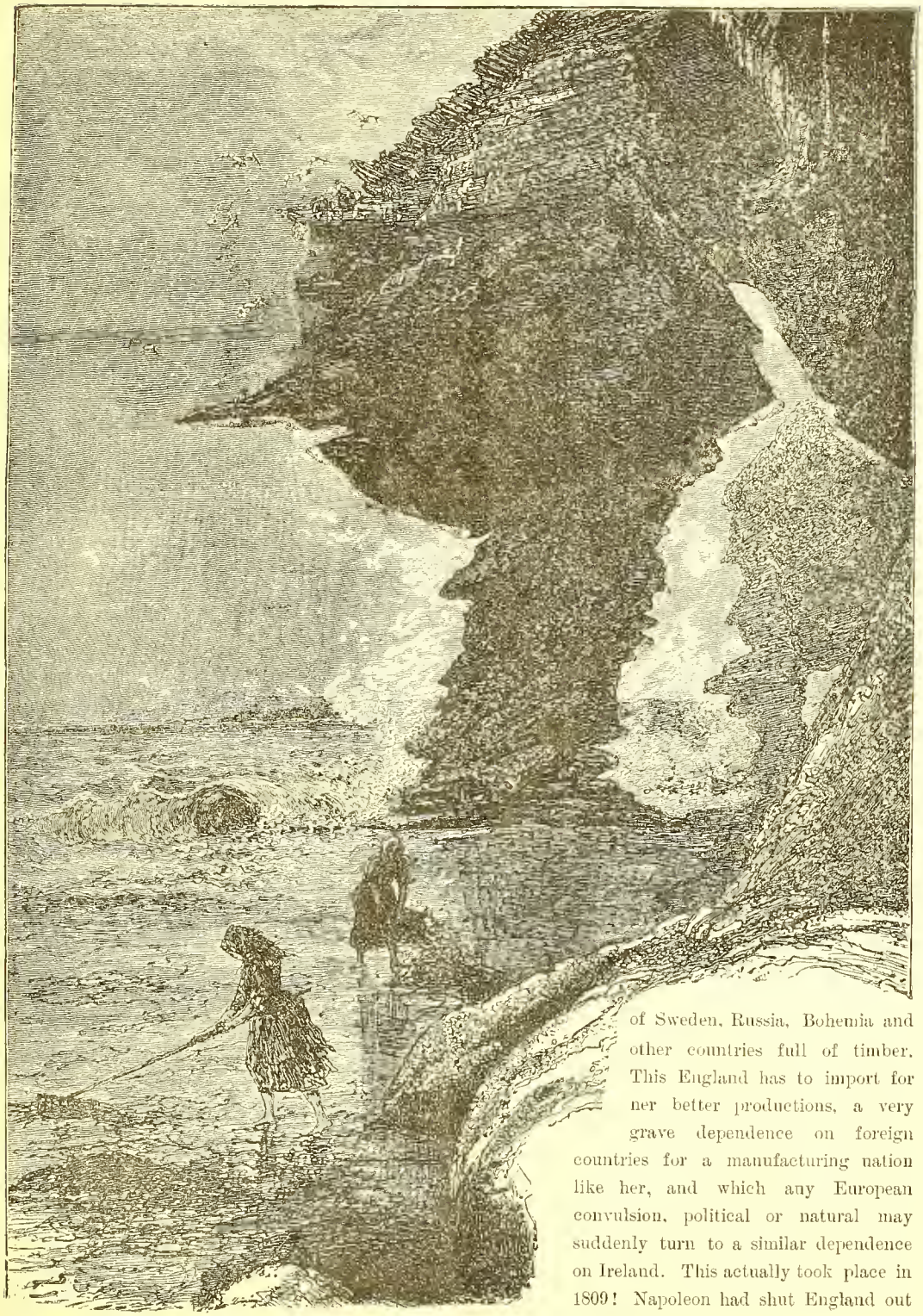
half so useful could possibly exist and that to the utilization of more than a million of acres wrested from sterility and the rocks!

We come now down to the larger extent of bog land on the plains which in Munster and Ulster is found in broken, detached peat fields, hardly (except in Cavan) one too many whilst some are too limited to supply the demand for miles all around; but the other two provinces have a monopoly in the great Bog of Allen and its off-shoots, lying across the central Plain like a broken isosceles triangle, from its apex in the counties of Dublin and Wicklow to its extended base, the coast of Connaught. Much of this is very thin, light in color and of easy reclamation, but some of it is thirty and forty feet in depth, as black as coal, capable as compressed peat, of being converted into artificial coal, generating a gas equal if not superior to any lighting our streets and houses, with a specific gravity much greater than that of any bituminous coal found in England so abundantly. It does not soil the fingers when handled or endanger life when its gas is inhaled as mineral coal does.

In 1855 a young Irish genius, Richard L. Johnson, of Dublin, surprised that city by lighting his partner's shop in Mary street with turf gas generated in a retort of his own invention for which he took out a patent. Though in his confidence and shown his secret in full operation, we cannot positively say why he gave it up, but well remember his complaining to the writer of this that the English coal interest in Irish gas works crushed him!—not, however, till he had fully demonstrated the illuminating power of Irish turf by lighting one or two small towns in Westmeath and some private mansions. The reader will permit us to drop a little green sprig on his grave. Discouraged and without capital he took no more contracts, but turned to the medical profession, settled down in London, wrote two or three books of light literature and in time found himself the leading physician of more than one public hospital. Dr. Johnson gave his professional services gratuitously to our College of Mill Hill, though ten or twelve miles off, continuing his regular weekly visits up to his premature death, a few years ago.

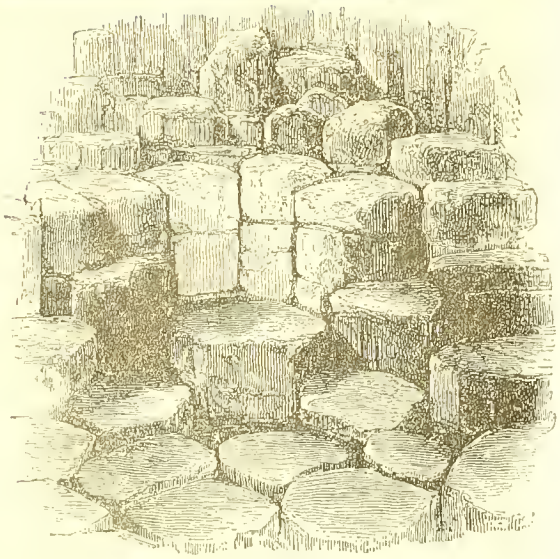
With a loving, fatherly, patriotic Irish Parliment, here is a field of employment for tens of thousands. It is said (writes Anthony Mrmion in his valuable work on the maritime ports of Ireland, p. 651) that 100 tons of dried peat will produce that number of gallons of heavy oil, 200 gallons of naptha, 300 lbs of paraffine (making candles whiter than any wax), 52 gallons of wood oil and 14 cwt. (1568 lbs.) of acetate of lime. A bog only thirteen feet deep is comparatively shallow in Ireland, yet even at that depth every acre will yield 3,500 tons of turf simply dried on the bank in the open air then as simply shaped between the hands into "sods" or cut rectangular like bricks with a kind of spade or "slane." Elsewhere will be found a good illustration of the very simple process of "cutting turf," than which no cleaner or better fuel in the world.

If it be true that Ireland has not a sufficiency of bituminous coal, (a report not above suspicion), here is the best possible substitute in superabundance, with many *special recommendations touching health, cleanliness, culinary and laundry interests, antiseptic, deoderizing and fertilizing properties and even certain manufactures which no bituminous coal can claim!* Is it true or not that for the mighty industry of iron and steel production no mineral charcoal can be compared to the vegetable article got from certain woods? We don't pretend to know of ourselves, we can say only that, as admitted on all hands without contradiction, the statement is true. But we do know that Irish turf charcoal is essentially wood charcoal and nothing else. This is denied by nobody as every stage of the natural process of transmutation is plainly visible all over the country. We ourselves have seen and handled a most interesting illustration in the shape of a tree, lying on the surface of a bog in Munster—one end solid wood, the other solid peat, the special characteristics of each, coming nearer and nearer to similarity till that point was reached, which could not be called either wood or peat, being a nondescript blending of both. Even the turf end retained the outward shape of the tree to perfection not losing, apparently, a single knob of connection with the long-lost branches. Now if this huge trunk were cut across into two or more parts and all separately reduced to coke or charcoal, could any practical difference be discovered between any two residuums? It seems not, and if not, what a mighty store house of smelting power, in volume and excellence is the peat deposit of Ireland! But if on the other hand an essential or practical difference can be found, then one residuum is better than the other, while this other and the worse is *admittedly* superior to that produced from coal which is used all over England, and to which that country is limited! Hence the well-known inferiority of her iron and steel as smelted and refined by her own native carboniferous charcoal and then compared with the iron and steel



of Sweden, Russia, Bohemia and other countries full of timber. This England has to import for her better productions, a very grave dependence on foreign countries for a manufacturing nation like her, and which any European convulsion, political or natural may suddenly turn to a similar dependence on Ireland. This actually took place in 1809! Napoleon had shut England out

CLIFFS, NEAR KILKEE, COUNTY CLARE, (ON THE ATLANTIC).



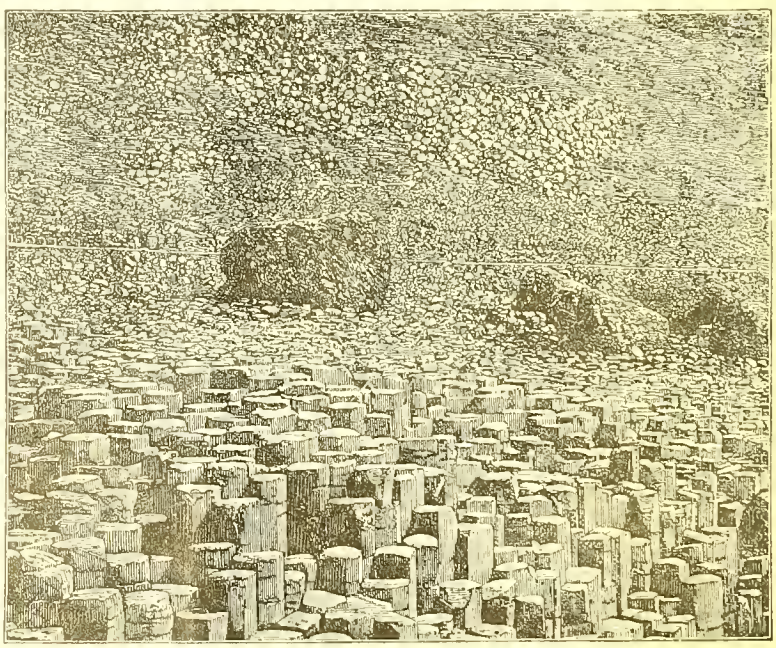
LADIES' CHAIR, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

from the breadstuffs of Europe and her only hope of keeping her little population of ten millions with her army and navy from starving was Ireland. In that year an Act of Parliament was passed to survey and report on the Irish bogs with the view of reclamation into food producing land!

So here is another aspect of our subject and one of the first importance manifestly. That enactment of 1809 caused all the peat fields of Ireland to be surveyed, mapped and reported on at an expense of nearly two millions of our present money, *Ireland ultimately obliged to foot the bill!* Thousands of acres have been reclaimed already and the process has been energetically carried on these fifty years. Of this virgin soil Arthur young says: "*No meadows are equal to those gained by improving a bog; they are of a value which scarce any lands rise to.*" And here is the highest authority yet quoted or that *can* be quoted on Irish industrial problems, the illustrious Sir Robert Kane, whose great work, "*the Industrial Resources of Ireland*" well merited as it actually obtained the title prefixed to his name. He says: "The uncultivated land includes bogs and mountains. It has been already shown that the area of bog is 2,833,000 acres *of which almost all is capable of reclamation, and of being adapted to productive husbandry*, if not required as repositories of fuel. Of the mountainy land also comparatively little is beyond the domain of agricultural enterprise. In fact there is no district in Ireland sufficiently elevated to thereby present serious impediments to cultivation *and scarcely an acre to which the name of incapable of cultivation can be applied.*" It is half a century since those words (page 257) were written (between the census of '41 and that of '51), so the figures which they give above for the total area of bog no longer hold. The latter census as compared with the former showed a wonderful reduction of waste land (mainly mountain and bog) the difference of more than a million of acres in the *ten years*, a striking confirmation of the great agricultural chemist in the passage quoted.

THE ARABLE SOIL—RARE FACTS.

The second alternative above is *vital*. All the others hang upon it, so we must do it justice. The question of any country's capability to support its population plainly involves two main issues which the adjectives *productive* and

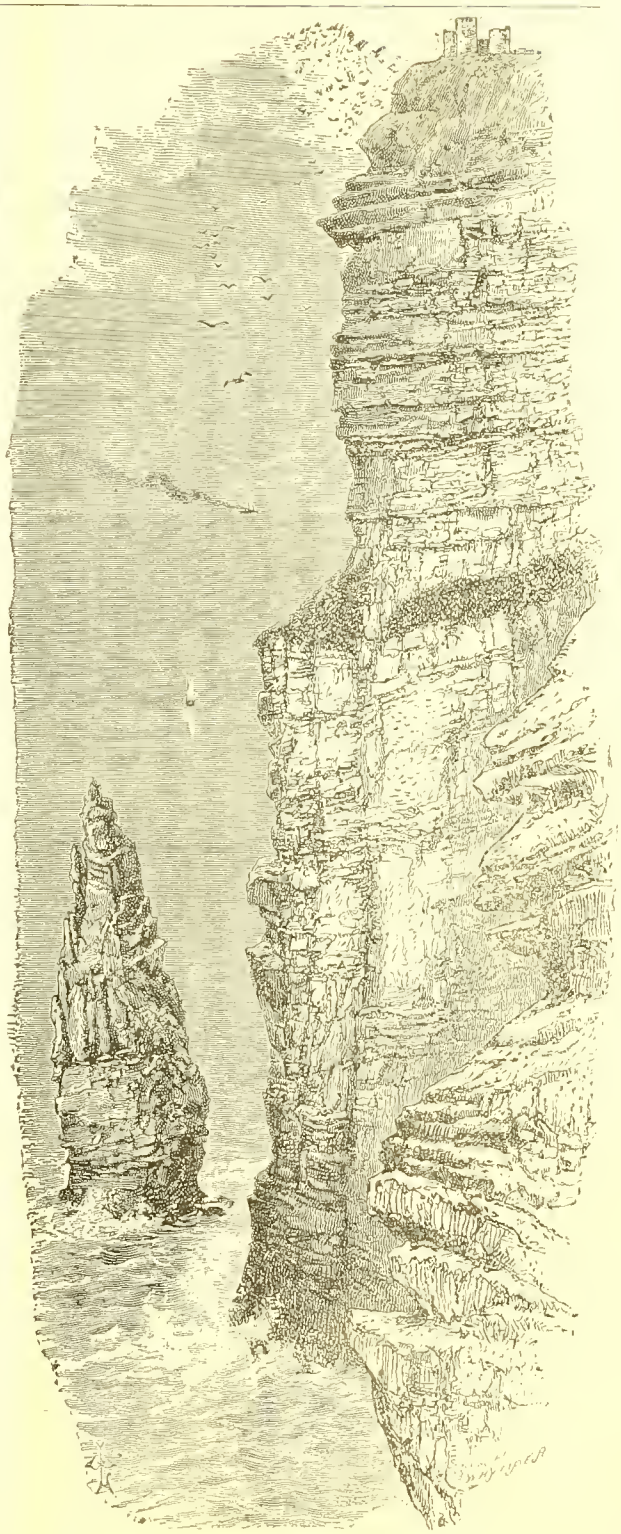


HORIZONTAL FORMATION, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

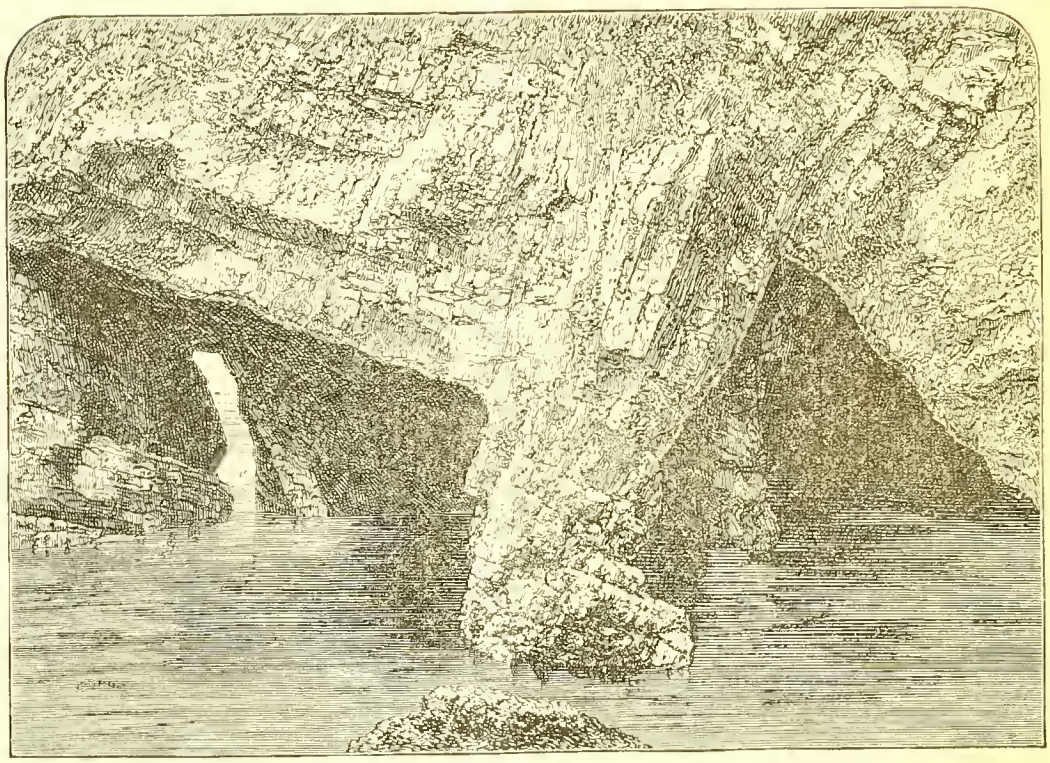
unproductive sufficiently express. The latter, under the general head of "waste land," we have amply discussed in each of its two obvious divisions as bearing on the mountains and the bogs; and further information on this subject is implied in almost every sentence of the following, though addressed directly and specially to the other issue, the more productive area or arable soil.

We use the word *arable* in its literal and *only proper* sense—fit for the plow, (*aratrum*), and little did we dream that any respectable writer would think of using it in any other till we found it repeated over and over again in the English cyclopedia *Britannica* in the illiterate sense of *not actually tilled* or turned up by the plow! See page 225 ("England") of Scribner's edition where the adjective is persistently employed in contradistinction to "pasture;" for example, "the arable land of England and Wales is on the *decrease*, while the area of pasture land is on the increase!" Not that the once arable land has fallen back to the fens and marshes or the rocks, but that it is not *now* actually worked by spade or plow—a strange misuse of terms in such a work.

Using the word "arable" in its proper sense as *capable of being tilled*, we complete this discussion by the following strange facts, now fifty or sixty years old, taken from an old State document, "The Poor-rate Valuation of Ireland," which gives the arable condition of every county *at that time*. Of course the arable area of every county is much greater *now*, as the facts given above amply prove; but after a tiresome search through our public libraries we can find no later returns in this line. Comparing the two Islands of Great Britain and Ireland, (the largest belonging to the continent of Europe) beyond all question (each taken as a whole) the more arable, fertile and productive in point of food-producing capacity is emphatically Ireland. As contrasted with Ireland in this respect of productive capability, touching agriculture and pasture, the larger Island taken as a whole is, *by nature*, without straining the truth, little short of a comparative waste. Observe the *terms* of that sentence and then see if it is not true. Add the fens and marshes, sand plains and mountains of England proper to those of Scotland and Wales, and what is one-third (nearly one-half) of Great Britain as compared with the agricultural remainder of it, but a comparative waste? Scotland, including all her islands, is nearly as large as Ireland; Wales is larger than one-fifth of Ireland; yet the three nationalities, including all England proper, could



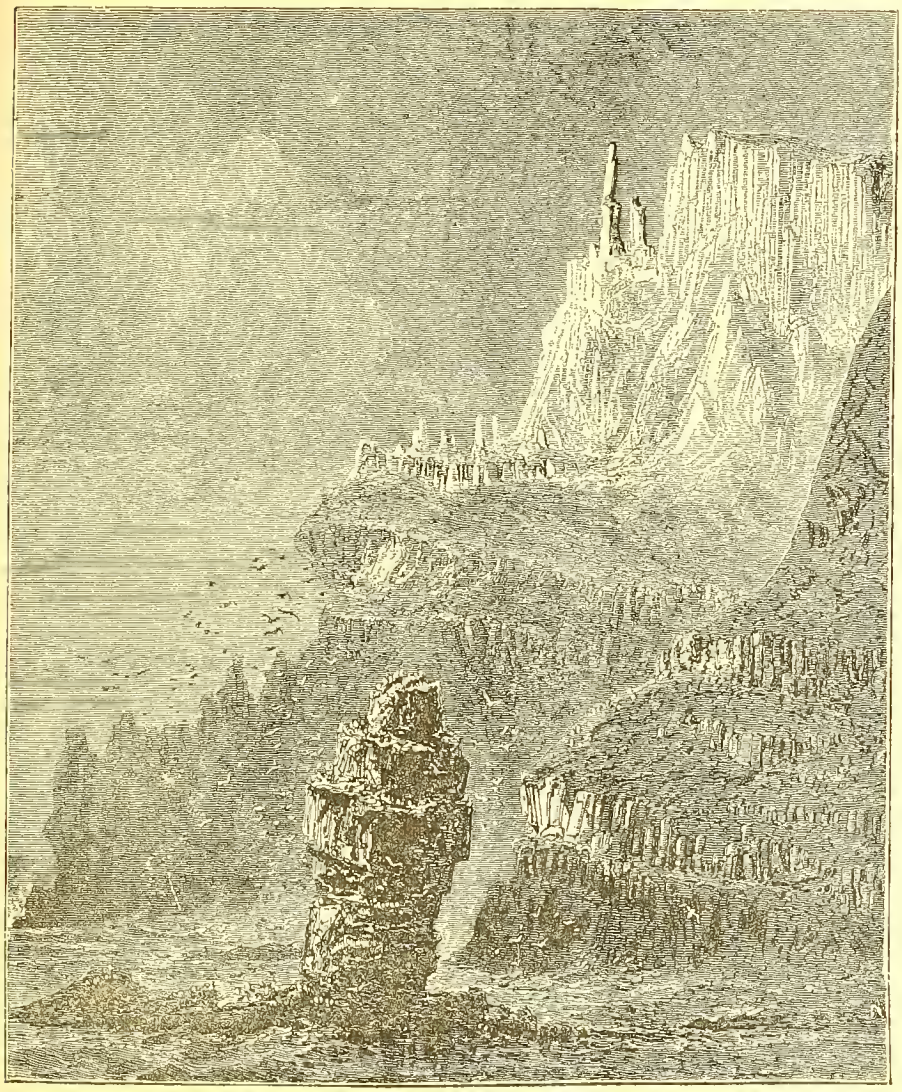
CLIFFS OF MOHER, COUNTY CLARE, (ON THE ATLANTIC).



THE SEVEN ARCHES, LOUGH SWILLY, COUNTY DONEGAL.

barely double the population of Ireland till they were helped by artificial famines in the smaller Island, as we have seen. Nay, is it not a statistic record, that in 1845 when Ireland's constantly swelling population for half a century previous had attained its *maximum*, this maximum was *equal if not greater* than the united populations of England, Scotland and Wales seventy years before—the bottom fact and very secret of England's inability to whip the armed, Irish volunteers out of their demand of total legislative separation, which whipping she did not even try, and which demand she was compelled to grant in 1782! It was a bitter pill, but she *had* to swallow it, and she *did*, declaring by solemn act of Parliament, signed by George the Third, that Great Britain renounces "forever" all claim to legislate for Ireland and that no power on earth has any right to make laws for Ireland but the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland!" Thanks to an insular semi-desert (taking the Island as a whole) which had not men enough, with its trifling population of seven or eight millions, to supply the place at home of her whipped brigades at Yorktown.

But to come to the rare facts promised above, are there not moor and mountain districts by the whole county in the larger Island not having 25 per cent of arable land, and that in England too, the most arable division, as well as in Scotland and Wales? In these two latter we believe there are counties not having 15 per cent. Of the thirty-two counties in Ireland, the least arable fifty years ago was Donegal, which had even *then* 33 per cent. of arable land and only three others were found to stand under but close to 50 per cent., namely, Kerry, Mayo and Galway. These four are the largest counties (with one exception) all mountain barriers to the Atlantic. Taken together, for they are together on the coast line, they contain nearly *five and a half millions of acres* at an average of 38 per cent. of good soil, thus exceeding the Kingdom of Saxony in extent and fertility and more than one State at this side of the "Big Pond," as New Jersey, Delaware, Rhode Island, etc. That was half a century ago when the largest of these four counties, Galway, had within a decimal of 50 per cent. fit for the spade and the plow, before the extensive reclamations



CHIMNEY TOPS, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

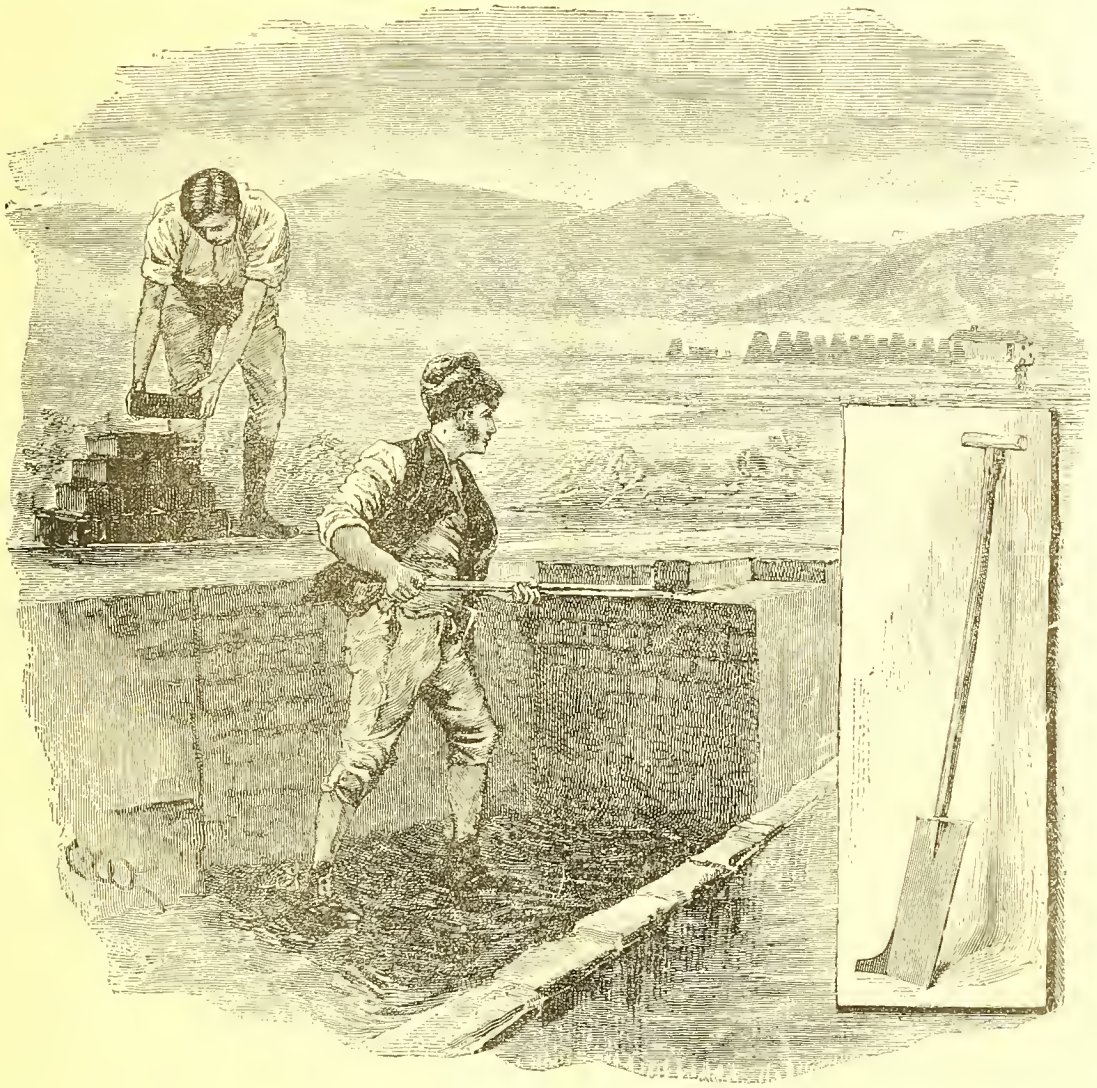
referred to above, as made since, were commenced. Some of these two million acres of arable land is equal in point of fertility to any portion of the great Limestone Plain, and Wakefield expresses his "astonishment" at finding valleys of such superior soil in the coldest and least tillable spot in all Ireland, exceptional Donegal, exceptional too in its literary celebrities, all Catholic except one, the learned Protestant and infidel, Toland. No other county had a percentage under 55, and only three so low, namely, Clare, Tyrone and Wicklow; whilst *sixteen* (one-half the whole number) from Derry, the lowest, to Armagh, the highest, in point of arability, ran up from 61 to 81 per cent. Still higher were the nine remaining counties, Carlow at the foot having had 83, and Meath at the head "touching the beam" at the highest point of all 94.3! In other words (for our boys and girls) out of every hundred acres in the county Meath—with its eighty thousand, over half a million—six acres could not be found, fifty years ago, unfit for tillage! And very nearly as much can be said of Kilkenny where *eight* could not be found; of Monaghan where eleven did not exist; of Louth and Wexford, in neither of which could a dozen acres of such poor land have been discovered in a hundred.

But does it follow that these most arable districts surpass the others in depth and richness of soil? Certainly not; that's another question. The richest soil is found in every one of them. We have spoken of *quantities*, and that on the authority of a Government survey and report; now let us see what other high authorities, all English, say of *qualities*. Wakefield says: "In at least eighteen out of the thirty-two counties there are tracts of land which for the most part *are not to be surpassed in natural fertility by any other land in the world. Some places exhibit the richest loam that I ever saw turned up with a plow.*" And here is the most noted English agriculturist of the last century, Arthur Young, author of the *Annals of Agriculture:* "If I was to

THE PIGEON HOLE—SUBTERRANEAN OUTLET OF LOUGH MASK INTO LOUGH CORRIB, 25,000 AND 43,000 ACRES RESPECTIVELY.

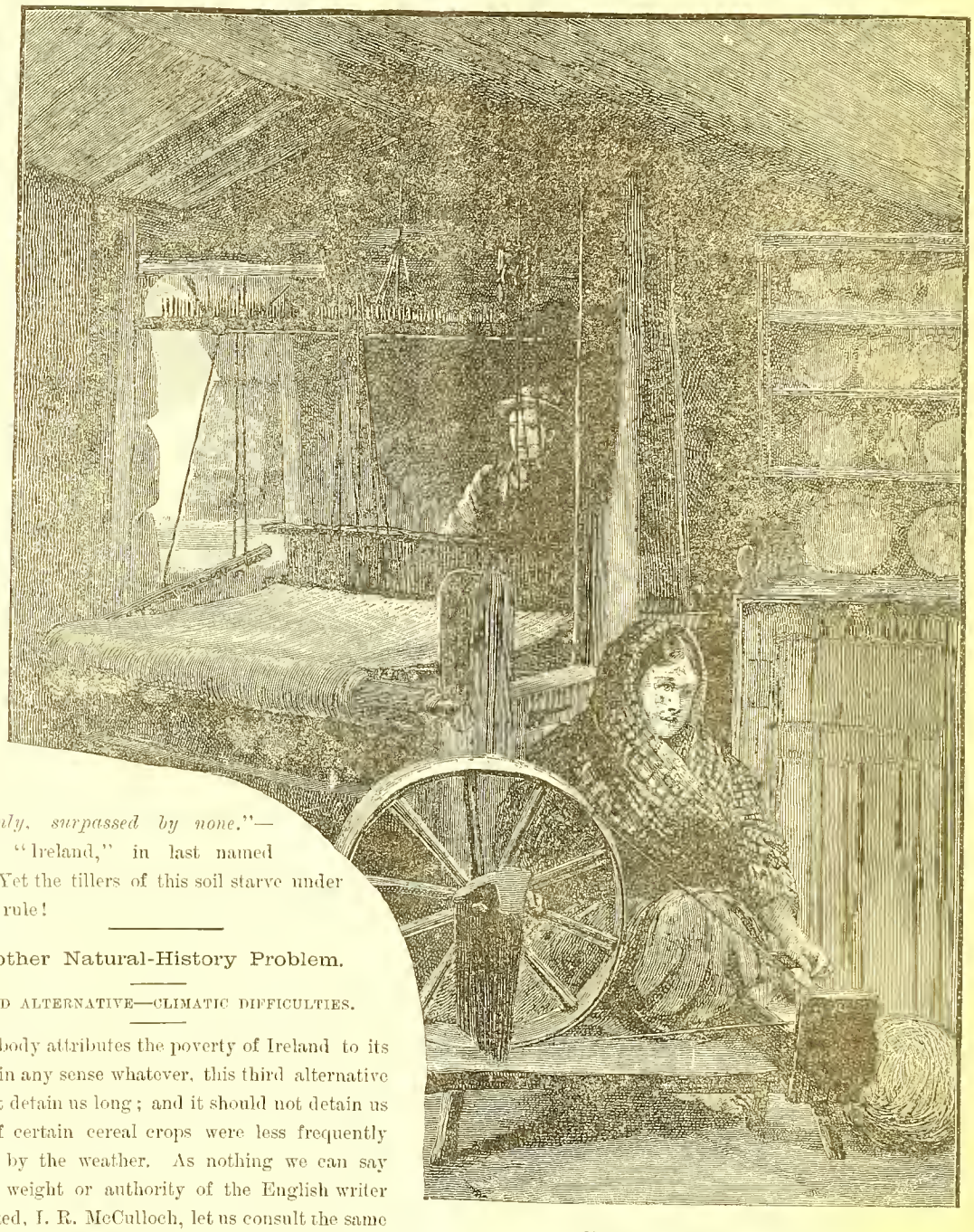
name the characteristics of an excellent soil, I should say, that upon which you may fatten an ox and feed off a crop of turnips—*little or no such soil in England, yet it is not uncommon in Ireland.*" Comparing the two kingdoms: "*Natural fertility, acre for acre, over the two kingdoms,* "*is certainly in favor of Ireland.*" Notice that the comparison here is with *England,* the most arable division of Great Britain, and that too over a hundred years ago when the bogs of Ireland were regarded as so much "waste land."

Those words of Young have been resented by another famous writer, J. R. McCulloch, author of the "*Statistical Account of Great Britain,*" the "*Universal Gazetteer,*" etc. McCulloch writes: "Ireland has no stiff clay soils, such as "those of Essex, Hants, Oxford, etc., nor any chalk soil, as "those of Hertford, Wilts and Sussex. [England], sandy soils "are also rare. Loam, resting on a substratum of lime-"stone, predominates in Ireland, and, though often shallow, "it is almost everywhere very fertile. A large part of Lim-



PEASANTRY CUTTING TURF IN SUMMER FOR WINTER'S FUEL.

"erick, Tipperary, Roscommon, Meath and Longford, con-
"sists of deep, fine, friable loam, and is, perhaps, *not sur-*
"*passed by any land in Europe*. It is not permanently in-
"jured by the bad system of culture to which it is subjected,
"and, if kept clean, will yield an almost interminable series
"of corn crops; and, how bad soever the order in which it is
"laid down to grass, it is, in no long time, covered with
"the finest pasture. The deep, rich grazing lands on the
"banks of the Shannon and Fergus are not surpassed by
"the best in Lincolnshire. A good judge of such matters,
"Arthur Young, contends that, acre for acre, the soil of
"Ireland is superior to that of England; though, as the pro-
"portion of waste land in the former is much greater than
"in the latter country, we incline to think this an exagger-
"ated statement. But had Mr. Young confined his remark
"to the cultivatable land in both countries, it would have
"been quite correct. In fact, if we deduct the bogs and
"mountains, we believe that Ireland is about *the richest*
"*country, in respect of soil, in Europe. As a grazing*
"*country, she is probably superior to any other, and is,*



HOME SPINNING AND WEAVING.

"*certainly, surpassed by none.*"—Article, "Ireland," in last named work. Yet the tillers of this soil starve under English rule!

Another Natural-History Problem.

THIRD ALTERNATIVE—CLIMATIC DIFFICULTIES.

As nobody attributes the poverty of Ireland to its climate in any sense whatever, this third alternative must not detain us long; and it should not detain us at all if certain cereal crops were less frequently affected by the weather. As nothing we can say has the weight or authority of the English writer last quoted, I. R. McCulloch, let us consult the same work of his, which may be found in almost every public library in this country. Speaking of Ireland, here are his words, which we can personally endorse as most true and evidently founded on his own observation:

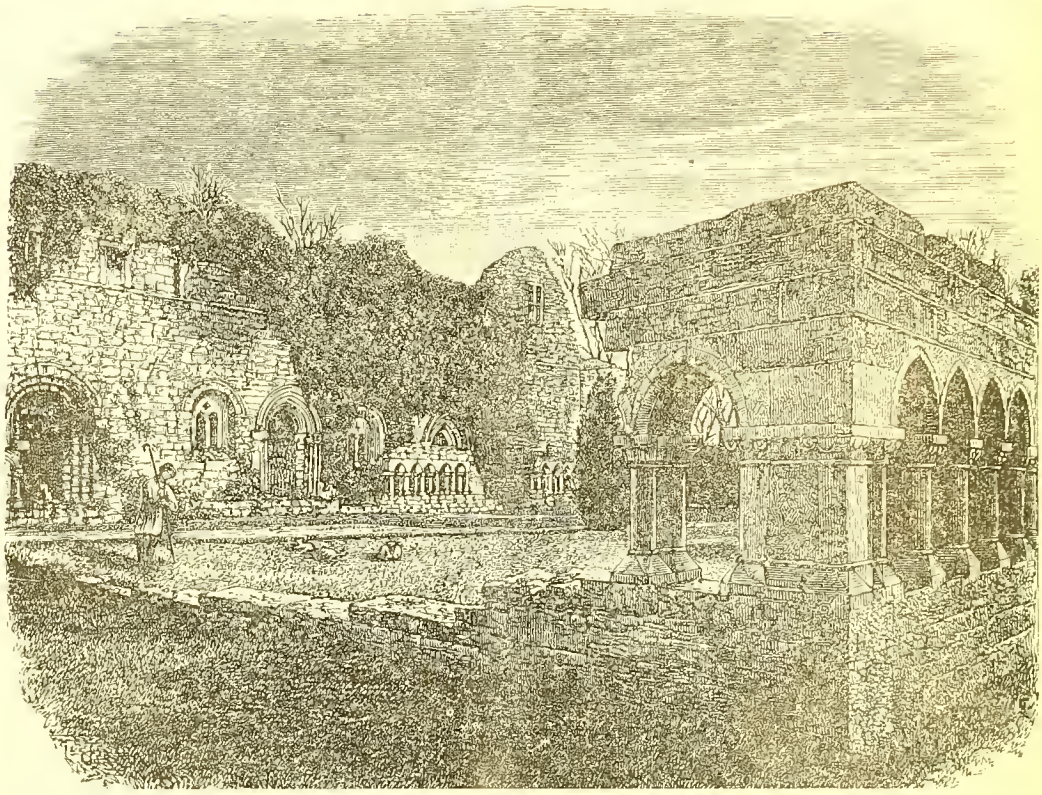
"The climate is more temperate and equable than that of other parts of Europe in the same latitude. The heat of summer is less oppressive and the cold of winter less severe;

and when anything like immoderately hot or cold weather takes place, it lasts for a much shorter time. The great defect of the climate of Ireland is excess of humidity; not only is rain more frequent than in England, but the atmosphere, when there is no rain, is largely impregnated with moisture. This circumstance, the result of the insular position of Ireland and of the prevalence of westerly winds for three-fourths of the year, accounts for the greater verdure of the country and for the trees continuing in leaf much longer than in England. In the driest seasons, Ireland rarely suffers from drought, but the crops are often injured by too much wet."

If rain is more "frequent" in Ireland than in England, it does not necessarily follow that the annual rain-fall on the former is, acre for acre, greater in *quantity*. Hear the great Dr. Kane: "In average half as much more rain falls in England than on the continent of Europe. Here (in Ireland) there is probably not more actual rain than in England, but there is more damp." Then follows (page 73) a table giving the average rain-fall for the very conclusive period of six years at Dublin, and five other cities with this result, that on the east at the capital not quite 31, at Belfast close on 35, at Derry on the north, a little over 31, and at Cork on the south in two long tests of six years each, a little over 36 and 40 inches of rain yearly. He calculates that of the west of Ireland at the highest figure 40, and then concludes that the whole rain-fall "over the entire surface of Ireland" is on an average 36 inches, one year with another. Leaving out Scotland for the present, our best authorities point to the same figure, 36, for the rest of Great Britain; but if Scotland is included, then up goes the average rain-fall beyond that of Ireland. As a rule English writers seem to shrink from comparisons between the *two islands as such*, each taken as a whole; but somehow or other we love those very wise, tidy, natural and *only true* comparisons immensely. They do us good in the region of the kidneys, provided it is God's work that's compared with God's work. Comparing then the two islands in this relation, emphatically the more favored land in point of *climate* as well as *soil* is Ireland. Leaving Scotland out again, there is the immense figure of 84 inches of rain in England, at Cumberland quite often, as reported by Dr. Patterson, and there is the huge notation of 101½ inches in Carnarvonshire, as stated in the *Britannica*, page 217. No doubt these are exceptions for England; but where are such to be found in Ireland even *as exceptions?* John Leslie

CROSS OF MONASTERBOICE, COUNTY LOUTH.
(*Six hundred years before the English*).

Foster is quoted by Wakefield (page 212, vol. 1) as stating that "three times as much rain falls in Lombardy as in Ireland." Further on he says: "Mr. Young gives, as a convincing proof that the climate of Ireland is far moister than that of England, the amazing tendency of the soil to pro-



AUGUSTINIAN ABBEY OF CONG, COUNTY MAYO, WHERE LAST RIGHTFUL KING OF IRELAND DIED. *(Before the English).*

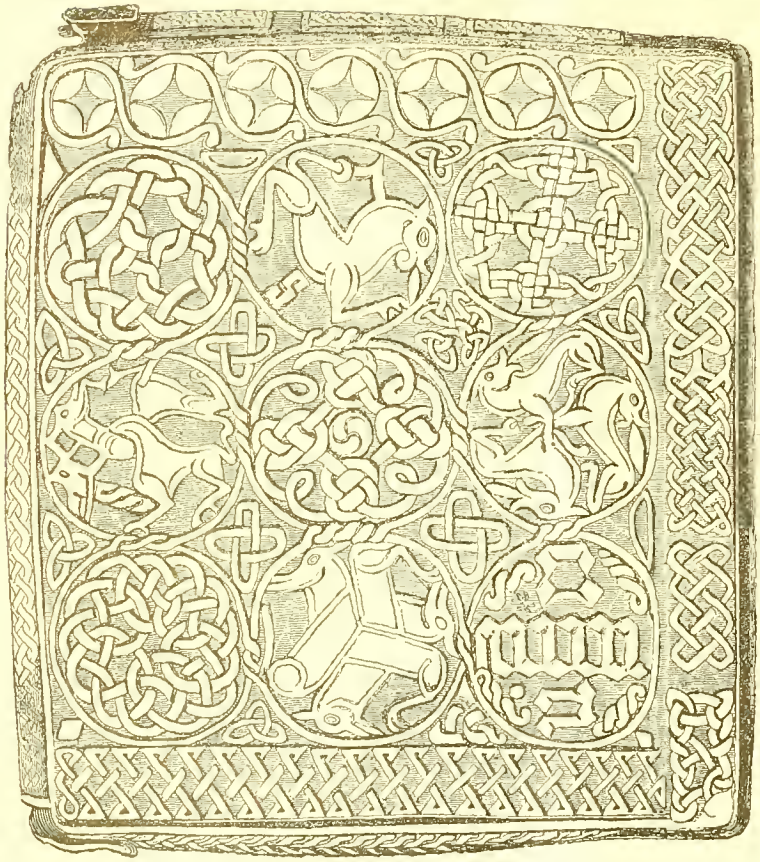
duce grass; and he speaks of instances of turnip land and stubble left without ploughing, which yielded the next summer a full crop of hay—facts, he observes, *of which we have no idea in England.*" So then, after all, this solitary disadvantage of the Irish climate is not without its counterpoise, as Kane puts it: "It is hence that this island has been called the Emerald set in the ring of the sea."

Not even this subject of climatic geography can be treated of without calling up the misgovernment of Ireland; for if its climate had much or anything to do with its social condition, then the far more rigorous climate of Scotland should tell in like manner on the social condition of that country and show results still more terrible than those we are now discussing. But nothing of the kind exists in North Britain, and nothing of the kind would exist in Ireland if her superior geographical position, milder climate, greater extent of arable land and richer soil had not tempted her next-door neighbor to act anything but neighborly. "Anything but neighborly"—what a kid-glove covering for hands dripping with blood, full of plunder and caught in the act every day in the year! If climate, rainfall and damp could account for poverty anywhere under the English flag in Europe, that identical spot is North Britain—this manifestly and notoriously, because of its immense mountain wastes with two maximum latitudes on the same east and west parallel (for there is such a blessing south and such a curse north as *vertical* latitude affecting climate and every phase of animal as well as vegetable life), and that the highest under the English flag in Europe. How this fixed and unalterable fiat of nature affects population in Scotland may be seen at once from this fact, that up to the first day of the great Irish famine, in the winter of 1845, the swelling population of Erin for seventy years previously was *going on four times* the population of Scotland, though nearly as large as Ireland! But how stands the case now? Why the population of Scotland is as near being doubled as that of Ireland is near being halved!—not that the former has increased phenomenally in the fifty years or at all out of

proportion to its past record, but that the latter has *decreased* terribly, scandalously and out of all proportion to its antecedents since the slaughter and decimation of Cromwell, which left the very highest estimated enumeration at the accession of William of Orange under one million and a quarter! Its jump to eight millions and a quarter forty-seven years ago is without parallel in Great Britain up to that date, even without considering the periodic famines of which there were six in the former half of the last century and as many more in the former half of this; and this natural increase in the very teeth of the Union Act which, by demolishing the Irish Parliament and obliging its peers and members to live in London, had the immediate effect of compelling the titled landlord class and the upper grades of society to leave the country and spend their unearned wealth in more fashionable quarters.

The hardy Scot has to struggle with the very elements over his head and under his feet and into his mouth; but being a bed-fellow, holding by right and irrevocably the key of one of the three doors which, as a staunch Protestant, he is not likely to open to such a mortal enemy of England as the Pope; and (best of all reasons in the world) *not a thing to be stolen in his sleep from his pockets on the chair;* he is certainly entitled to all possible consideration at Westminster ever since he or some axe-grinders in his name were *induced* to adopt that spot for his legislative lodgings so far back as 1707. Here was a precedent and an example to be followed, set by one national body of anti-papists for another—that other a mere fragment of the Irish population! But the bait did not take. We have seen how the bans were forbidden some seventy or eighty years after in the strange words, (for Protestants), "clear out!" for practically the attitude of the Volunteers (non-Catholic) and the victory won by them in 1782 came to that. Thus Irish Catholics and Protestants at that era were pretty much of a unit in regarding England as the common enemy of their country; but Scotland remained with England to present a united Britain against a united Ireland, which could be kept up only by keeping the bride in good humor, lest regretting the nuptials she too should demand a divorce. Nor do we deny that gratitude as well as policy on the part of England prompted this course and kept it up. So no deaths by starvation, even among the cruelly pinched Crofters of the Grampians, scraping their granite rocks for a fistful of soil; no thriving business of extermi-

SHRINE OF ST. PATRICK'S BELL. (*Before the English*).



LEATHER CASE OF THE BOOK OF ARMAGH. (*Before the English*).

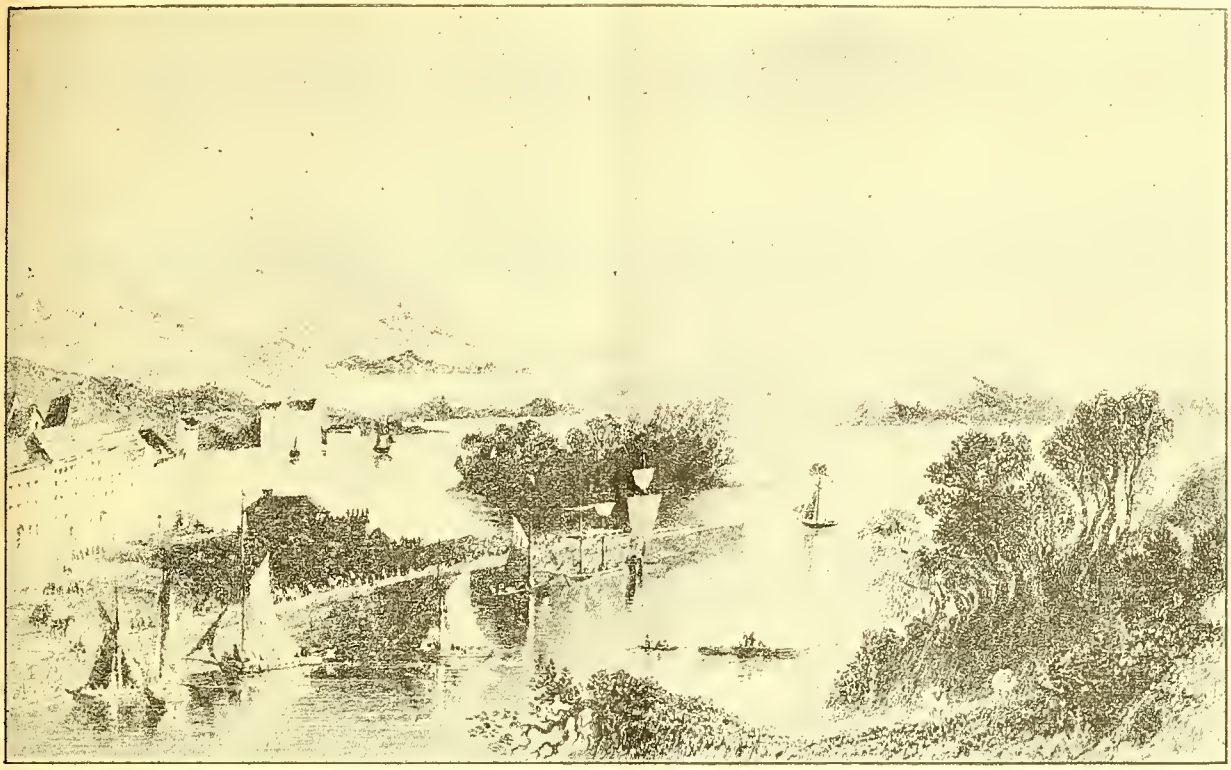
nation by the wholesale when bidders can't be found for the market at retail; no land-shark south of the Tweed to bite the bait of one of them for all their mountain moor is worth; no bullocks and cows and sheep to be legally stolen at the rate of *seven millions* in five years; no farms by the thousand of "rich, fine, friable loam" to be coveted and "cleared;" no sea-separation to make aliens and defy them, but next door neighbors who could easily give trouble if provoked. Politically and socially Scotland is privileged, and what nature denies, art supplies, as far as possible. In point of legislation she has this great privilege, a Supervisory Board (somewhat similar to her old powerful intermedium of the "Lords of the Articles"), which, as we understand it, has the right of *passing* upon all bills relating to Scotland before their first reading in either House of Parliament! Had Ireland such a privilege by the nefarious Act of Union or by statute since, what an amount of Satanic hate would have escaped the evidence of the English statute book!

The Tillers of the Soil.

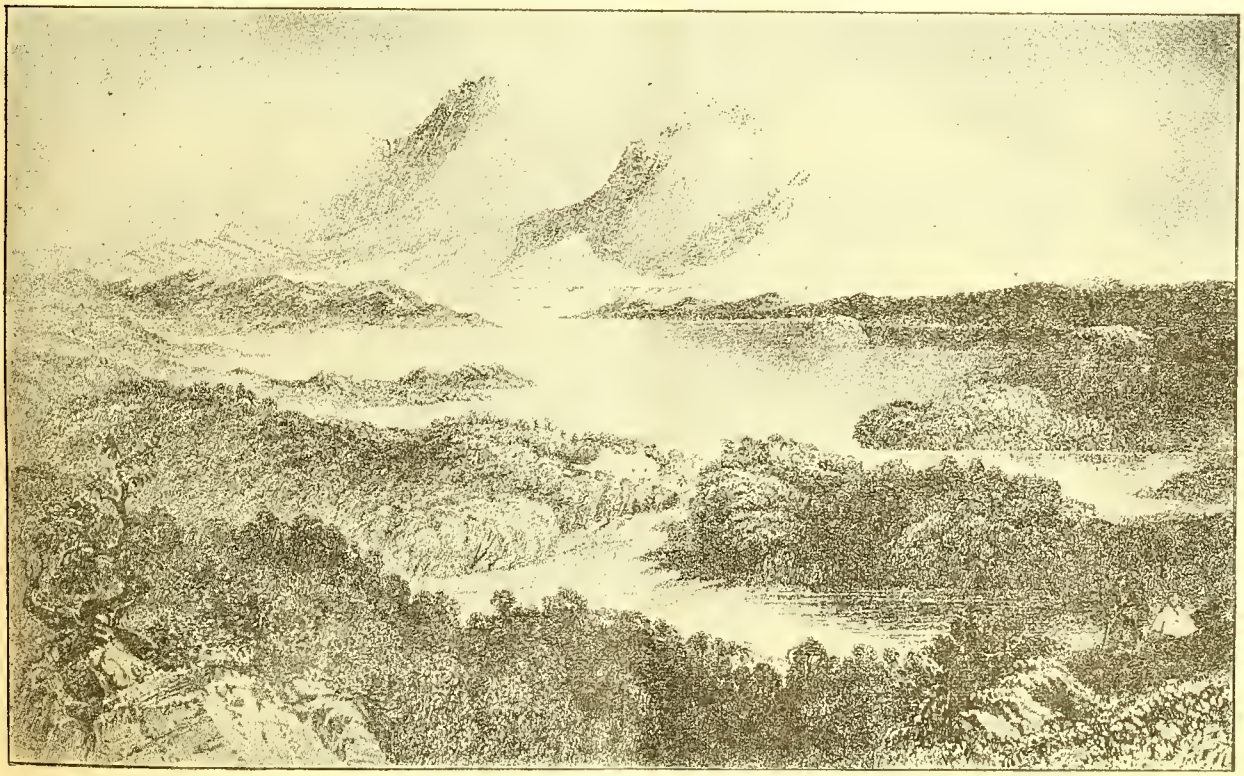
ALTERNATIVES 4 AND 7 — INDOLENCE AND IMPROVIDENCE.

"Too lazy to work" are the terms of our fourth alternative, but it matters little how expressed, being easily met in any form. No man or woman can be justly characterized as lazy or indolent whose whole life is habitually "laborious" —*the very word* commonly employed by the best writers to stamp the industrial feature of Irish character. Even some of the bitterest maligners of everything Irish (not excepting the brightest gifts of God to soil and soul) use the same word in the same way but try to minimize its significance by drawing a distinction between labor and industry.

This used to be a favorite theme in the daily, weekly, monthly and even book press of England, as applied to Ireland, whose every cry of hunger in famine years, heard across the seas, was followed promptly either by a flat denial or "Too lazy to work!" Even the fixed chronic condition of the country was attributed to the same cause and not to legislation or the government. With little or no foreign circulation the local papers of Ireland were utterly impotent to counteract this Satanic conspiracy of the English press against God's truth, especially during the whole of the last century and the first quarter of this, when the noble Wakefield appeared and went all over Ireland to find out the truth for himself. His two heavy quartos were published in 1809, and what a record from an Englishman! But nothing short of wholesale immigration into foreign countries—that is to say, a full representation of every quarter of Ireland, especially in these States, Canada and Australia—squelched the lie. It is seldom heard now, and when it is the papers of these countries, some of even the most prejudiced against the race and religion of the Celt, can answer and have answered from their own experience. Thirty



CLEW BAY, COUNTY MAYO.

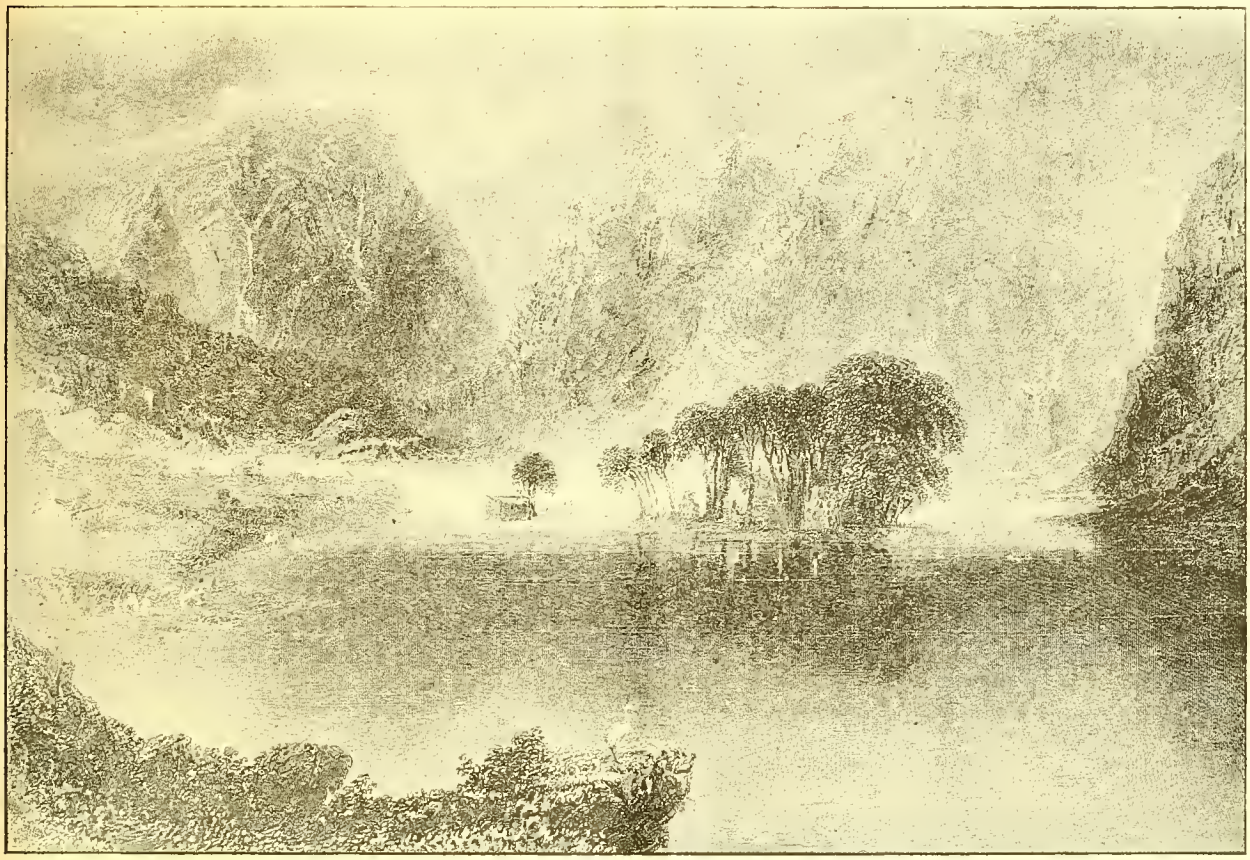


GARROMIN, (CONNEMARA), COUNTY GALWAY.

RIVER LEE, AT BLACK ROCK, BETWEEN CORK AND COVE, ("QUEENSTOWN.")

years ago the *Cincinnati Daily Gazette* was a religious organ, bitterly anti-Catholic very often, (not so now, we think, under its altered name), yet twice in two or three weeks of '63 had strong editorials against this slander. Witness the following from its issue of June 6, 1863: "*The American people know the Irish are not indolent in this country. That the condition of the Irish laborers is not owing to the indolence of the people, is shown by the enormous rents they pay for land. Is it the indolent who can pay £2 ($10) an acre for land, and shift it each year, manuring a fresh acre and giving up the improved one? Are they indolent who can be made to pay a premium of ten guineas ($50) an acre for a renewal of their leases? The share of his product, (the Irish laborer's), which he is compelled to subsist on is, we verily believe, less than that consumed by the unrequited black laborers of the South.*"

That is *testimony*, but the following is *advocacy*; yet because of its flowing numbers (valuable even now as a historic record, because then true, though probably doubled, if not trebled since), we give them, and for this other reason too, that it was first published at the same place and nearly at the same time as the above quotation from the *Gazette* which simply followed suit. Of course no one supposes any claim that all this work was done by Irishmen *alone:* "There happens to have dropped on the hospitable floor of this broad land a little sprinkling from the population watering-pot of Ireland. We leave it to the American people to say, if the Irish in this country be, as a general rule, too lazy to work. They, as well as every other race, have their ethnological and acquired faults, but is this of indolence one? Answer, ye 5,000 miles of canal, through all the geological impediments of American topography! Answer, ye 25,900 miles of railroad, through mountain and moor, through brake and forest, through bridged ravine and tunneled rock! Answer, ye navigable rivers thousands of miles long, the veins and arteries of this gigantic body-politic, by what hands is the commercial stomach crammed which supply your chyle? Answer, ye thousands of wharfs



GOUGANE BARRA, COUNTY CORK, (HERMITAGE OF ST. FINBAR), BETWEEN CORK AND KILLARNEY.

and levees along their courses, where the porterage of a continent is tumbled on and off, day and night! Answer, ye seaports of two oceans, whose are the hands which first receive the 3,000,000 tons which the nations of the earth float to your doors; and whose hands are the last to touch and pelt across the world the other three millions as the *quid pro quo?* Answer, ye 2,200 iron factories, ye 39,000 workers in wool, and ye Caucasians among the 92,000 laborers on cotton within this single community! Answer, ye 1,440,000 farms, and ye 118,457,600 acres of prairie and forest transformed into kitchen gardens by the magic wand of the spade! Answer, ye innumerable abodes of simple neatness and comfort or dazzling grandeur and luxury, whose hands are daily responsible for your *status quo;* whose knees (if not the *only* ones) first bend in the morning, at half past four, supplicating the Most High for blessings on your roofs; whose gentle motion through your corridors first awakes the slumbering echoes of your halls amid an unconscious household, to be ready at its earliest rising with the complicated repast, to sweat at the laundry, to swelter at the stove, to anticipate every nod at the table, to readjust the upper chaos of the dormitory, and obey the polyglot commands of husband and wife, and son and daughter and guest, with a smiling face and a ready hand during three hundred and sixty-five days in the year?"

We omit from that quotation its military conclusion, because the industry of the camp is not the industry of the farm or the factory. Now if every word just quoted applied *exclusively* to the Irish race (which is far from being the case), would the record be more wonderful than the following

ASTOUNDING FACT,

for fact it is on the very highest authority, an English parliamentary Blue Book. We give the round sums in British currency, that at a glance their equivalents in

LAKES OF KILLARNEY—INNISFALLEN, (ISLAND), AND OLD CHURCH RUIN ON THE LEFT, COUNTY KERRY.

"*Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well.*"—MOORE.

American dollars may be seen. The Great Famine which, as already stated, had originated in the failure of the potato crop in the autumn of 1845 and lasted during '46 and '47 had the immediate effect of precipitating immigration to the great extent of nearly *a million and a half* in six years! the vast majority coming to these States. Now see the *industry* and *economy* of these multitudes and of their kinsfolk here before them, sending the following sums of money to Ireland in the years given:

1848	460,000	pounds sterling.
1849	540,000	"
1850	957,000	"
1851	990,000	"
1852	1,404,000	"
1853	1,439,000	"
1854	1,730,000	"
1855	873,000	"
1856	951,000	"
Total	£9,344,000	"

Over *nine millions* of pounds sterling! which, at five dollars to the pound, amounted to nearly *forty-seven millions of dollars* in gold—precisely $46,720,000, or more than *five millions every year* for nine years!! For these facts see "Thirteenth General Report of the Colonial Land and Immigration Commissioners," 1853. Nor is this the *whole* amount sent to Ireland from America during those years, for the commissioners take care to state that they have cognizance only of bank transmissions and such public conveyances, having no means of ascertaining how much was sent by hand or private means "*of which the amount must have been considerable*"—their very words.

It looks as if this stupendous proof of moral, mental and physical greatness, unrivalled if paralleled in the history of any people, had prompted the little work, "Homage to Ireland," published up North some thirty years ago. "Do you

LAKES OF KILLARNEY—OLD WEIR BRIDGE, BETWEEN UPPER AND LOWER LAKE.

"know the sum the poor immigrants send to Ireland every "year?" asks a pious French priest, Rev. Aristides Pierard, of St. Andrew's, New York. ("Homage to Ireland," p. 20.) "You would scarcely believe it. It is prodigious. 5,000,000 "dollars! As for me, *I have never seen such a thing in "this world.*"

Anthony Marmion pronounces the fact "almost incredible." Here are his words: "The immigration for the six years ending 1852 has been already given, as well as the large sums remitted by the Irish immigrants to their friends in Ireland up to that period, and since then they have continued to remit sums *almost incredible, if it was not so well authenticated*, and which the commissioners admit is not only '*singular and interesting, but most creditable to the Irish peasantry.*'" ("Maritime Ports," p. 618.)

Here is an extract from the Liverpool *Journal* of February the 9th, 1856: "What must be the *industry* and what "the *thrift* and what the *self-denial* of poor navvies and "artisans to freight across the Atlantic from 1847 to 1852, "both included, the enormous number of *two hundred and "twenty thousand* of their countrymen [the Irish people] "*every year* for those six years, the aggregate exceeding "the entire population of Norway, and nearly equal to that "of all British America!" We believe this statement needs qualification: the annual 220,000 include many who paid their own way, owing to their own thrift and industry *at home;* and that number was the *average*, not the *ipso facto* annual immigration of those six years. The entire immigration for that period from Ireland to all countries, according to the General Report already referred to, was, in round numbers, 1,320,000, the one-sixth of which gives the above number precisely!

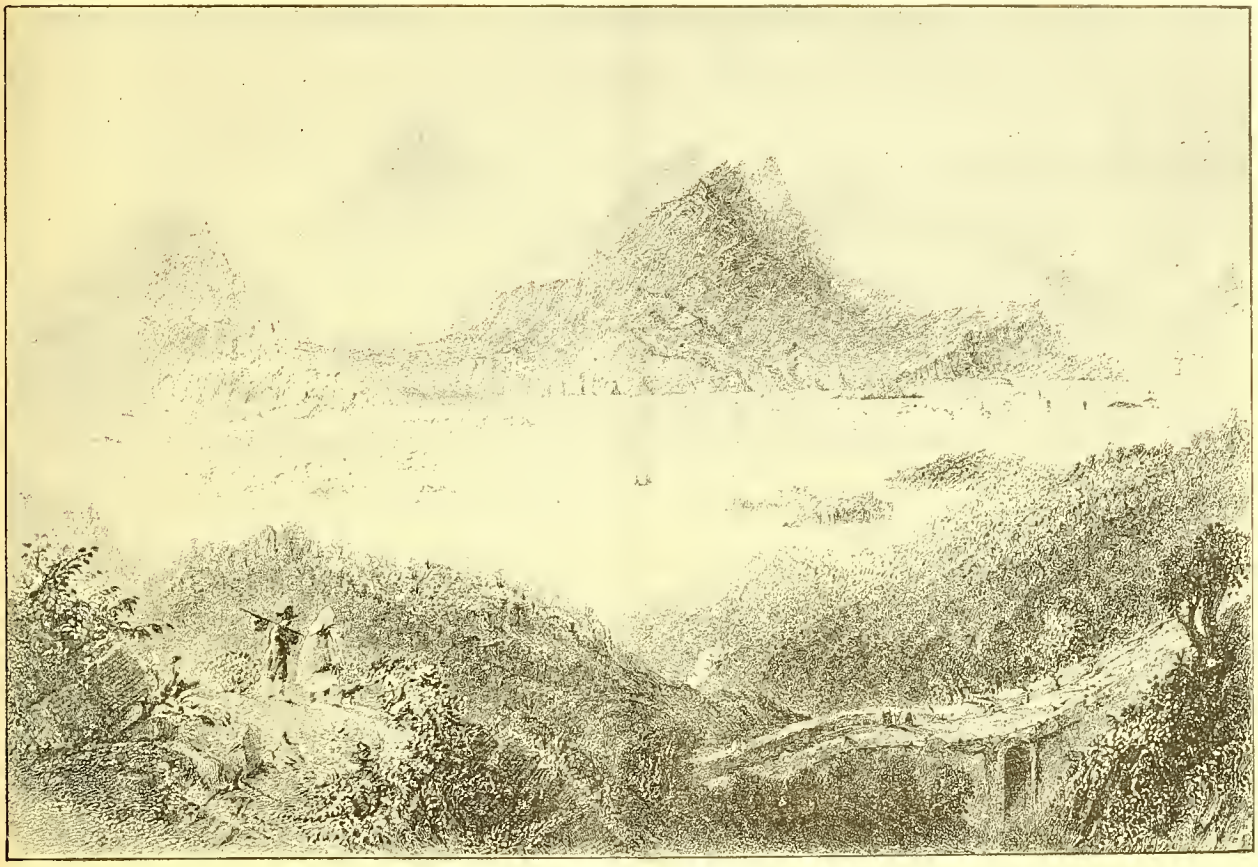
We ask again the full significance of this huge fact. Does it not cover completely the two imputations marked

LAKES OF KILLARNEY—TORC CASCADE AND MIDDLE LAKE.

"4" and "7" in our premises—the one referring to *industry*, the other to *economy?* Does it not speak, besides, of a big heart, a determined purpose, a persistent assiduity, a sublime sense of responsibility, the most exalted patriotism and the purest spirit of self-sacrifice?—a virtue which keeps the mass of Irishmen poorer than they otherwise would be at home and abroad. The Irish come here emphatically and incomparably the poorest class of immigrants, and they will remain, as a matter of course, the poorest for generations. In the race of life a good start is all-important. Impetus is the only *positive* element in momentum. Society is a ladder, in climbing which it is no easy matter to pass the man before you; and if the man behind has to carry, besides, the inconvenient weight of a big heart, it is sure to "keep his head under." By toiling and moiling and self-abnegation he rises in time to the dignity of eighty or ninety dollars, with which he has no sooner shaken hands than he parts, to "bring over" some dear one whose shadow on the floor is the sunshine of heaven to his heart. Thus he deliberately breaks the upper rung under his weary feet, to find himself at the foot of the ladder once more, but this time with a little Iulus under his arm or his gray-haired Anchises on his back.

Sketch now the grotesque group in all the relief of light and shade—see, it curls the lip of ridicule, but see, too, it moistens the eye of virtue—the cockney grins contempt, but the angels of God drop tears of sympathy and approbation.

Oh! it is a great calumny to say those people are not industrious, people who have scattered themselves over the



GLENGARIFF (BANTRY BAY), COUNTY CORK.

whole civilized globe in quest of employment, over all England, over all Scotland, over all Canada, over all colonized Australia, over all these American States. Not one Catholic nation in Europe where they are not to be met with in more or less numbers, more particularly in France, Spain and Austria. "Never," said Archduke Charles, of Austria, to Colonel O'Shea, who commanded 3,000 Austrians at the great battle of Wagram, "Never "was the House of Austria better officered than when "possessing so many Irish, of whom, *at one time*, upwards "of *thirty* were generals." (Wakefield, p. 573, vol. 2.) France at one time had 20,000 Irish, commanded by their own Irish officers, in one phalanx of her army. (See O'Conner's, O'Callaghan's and D'Altan's Military Memoirs of the Irish in the service of France.)

ANOTHER BIG FACT IN THE SAME DIRECTION.

It may not be generally known in this country that *whole ship-loads* of laborers from the west of Ireland cross the Irish Sea *twice every year*, with the punctuality of the autumnal equinox. The annual migration used to be from 40,000 to 60,000. They go to cut down and save the English harvest, and they come back in a few weeks to save their own! And it is an uncolored fact, that before the Midland Great Western Railroad was opened for transit, about 1848, the entire journey of these indefatigable thousands, from the Atlantic seaboard to Dublin, and from Liverpool throughout central and southern England, was trudged on foot! The Channel voyage to Liverpool or Holyhead used to be made on *open decks*, exposed to the surf of the sea and the cataracts of heaven; while the exported cattle and horses (English property, mind,) *were under cover* in the same vessel! This we have seen with our own eyes and can attest on oath.

We ask now, do the annals of toil record anything

LOUGH GILL, COUNTY SLIGO.

parallel to these extraordinary efforts to live? So much for the *industry* of these poor people, not only abroad, but at home; and as to their *economy*, we do sincerely believe that few Americans can form a just conception of it, without drawing upon a creative imagination. These thousands return home with every penny they have earned, minus only that for transit and a dry crust. Here are *economy of time and economy of means*—of time, in turning the interval between the two harvests to such wonderful account; and of means, in the wretched stinginess which the poor fellows *are compelled* to perpetrate upon their own animal needs, with money in their pockets—*as the law's Shylock must have his pound of flesh;* in the words of McCulloch, "*The anxiety of the peasantry to "procure the means of paying their rent, though at the "expense of their comforts.*"

Precisely identical is the testimony of the Chambers, of Edinburgh:

"During the hay and corn harvests of England and Scotland, the service of the Irish laborers are very important. *They are generally sober, well-conducted, and inoffensive; laboring hard and living hard, that they may bring their earnings home to pay the rent of their little farm or dwelling.* A spalpeen, or harvest-man, carries home from four to eight or ten pounds; to do which, he is contented, while away, almost to starve himself." ("Information for the People," vol. 1, p. 660.)

Strange facts indeed and strange testimony from aliens to bring home to this people the charges of indolence and improvidence! Even the more feasible accusation of intemperance unfortunately but too common among almost every civilized people, the rich as well as the poor, (the former having many "a cloak" to cover it, from the closed carriage which picks their tottering steps from the public street to the curtained couch where they sleep it off at their *perfect leisure*)—even this accusation of intemperance is covered by the body of testimony on these "sober, well conducted and inoffensive" thousands and tens of thousands who, of all the people in insular Europe, have the most need of drowning their hardships in the popular cup of oblivion. Would to God we could say as much of the same grade of society on this continent.

No doubt the extraordinary facts above go far to cover the whole ground of our present twofold contention.

ROSERK ABBEY, COUNTY MAYO.

They certainly demolish completely and utterly the charge of indolence, whether asserted of the Irishman at home or of his brother abroad. For this distinction between the two is now made, or at least came to be made, since the tide of emigration set in with its counter-blast against the old sweeping slander of the whole race. Names under this aspersion have gone out by the million to become synonyms of prosperous industry in every sphere of human activity the world over—many having shone as beacon lights in church and state, in literature and art, in the army and the navy, in medicine and surgery, in legislation and jurisprudence, as well as in husbandry, manufactures and commerce.

As respects the Church, does she not literally swarm with them wherever the modern vernacular of Ireland obtains, as in this country and Australia? and what other vocation can hold a candle for that of the Church as a *merit-voucher* in every true sense of the word merit? What other calling of life so completely excludes the very idea of indolence and improvidence? Here is a notorious fact of the very highest significance and right to the point, as the bishops, priests, monks and nuns, of whom we speak, *belong almost exclusively to the hard-working mass of the race.* The last or female division of these four classes outnumbers, we think, all the others combined, and where on the face of God's earth can be found among the industrial walks of life out in the world such incarnate models of industry, frugality, prudence, foresight, self-abnegation, life-long devotion to duty and every moral virtue, as these nuns and sisters spread all over the globe by the thousand? Our immense American Hierarchy of to-day is swelled by model men of many nationalities, American, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, Flemish and Irish, to which last belong nearly *one-half* of all the seventy-eight Bishops and nine out of the fourteen Archbishops—*every man of them from and of the people!* The same is true of our only two Cardinals, of the first Papal Legate and of the first Bishop and father of this wonderful Hierarchy.

If the annals of the money-making world show no such record of this race, is it not pretty evident that this race has more leaning for the service of God than for the service of

A "PATTERN" AT HOLY WELL, CONNEMARA, COUNTY GALWAY.

the money-making world! Or must we take the still more flattering alternative that the Spouse of Christ, being a better judge of character than a selfish world, deposits in the bank least likely to fail! Be this as it may, and not to go outside these States, see the countless numbers of poor exiles of Erin whose children have risen to wealth and prominence without the inheritance of a dollar! Look at the portraits of one married couple among these exiles, as given in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* of November, '88, (and very likely in several other illustrated magazines too), and do they not strike you as those of a very depressed pair indeed belonging to the poorest grade of the persecuted Catholic peasantry, as if they had just come over from their tumbled cabin without one penny of compensation on the part of the landlord? But what claim is that for their pictures in the magazines? None at all; only their son had just died and he was *commander-in-chief* of the United States Army, "the Hero of Winchester!" Something like this had happened before, and if John Bull could only have foreseen it, they'd surely be one married couple less among poor Irish emigrants: for the son of that pair, as *President of this Republic*, turned Johnny up on his knee and gave him such a spanking down there at New Orleans that he ran back home crying to his mother! True, these cases are exceptional, but exceptional *in degree* only, most certainly not *in kind*, as the records of the late civil war amply attest. And if we turn from the battle-field to the corn-field or the counter, the mine or the factory, we see in every quarter "exceptional cases," so to call them, beyond counting, some simply surprising, and that of the immigrants *themselves*, without waiting for their children to give the credit to the American soil of their birth. Witness the Mackeys, the Floods, the Kelleys, the Bannigans, the Donohues, the O'Briens and others, once poor Irish boys, landing on these shores almost without a dollar and now ranking with the richest men around them, a few even with the noted millionaires of the continent! It is not fair to point to the mass of struggling industry, and even poverty, out of which these men have risen without any thought of the *five millions a year* above (page 28) and

MOYNE ABBEY, BALLINA, COUNTY MAYO.

without any thought of their condition at landing, and without any knowledge of the fact that Census Bulletin No. 357,* published last February, asserts that of the Irish element in the population of the United States, 1,871,509 were actually born in Ireland. This is the highest foreign-born population (that of Germany excepted) contributed by any of the twenty-six nationalities named in the census, and it is only within the last dozen years or so that even the German Empire came to be an exception either! Of course this fraction of the century could not possibly counterbalance the whole past, so the fact is manifest that up to this hour the largest foreign element in the population of this nation is that contributed by Ireland.† What wonder then that her children here present industrial contrasts more striking, because more extreme, than those of any other people?

The Arts Outlawed—Industry Punished.

ALTERNATIVES 5 and 6—LABOR LIMITED AND STARVED.

No blotting out of history these words of an English King: "*I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woolen manufacture in Ireland!*" Such the answer of William III. to a complaint that the woolen industry of Ireland was flourishing to the injury of the same industry in England. That complaint calling for the suppression of

* Page two of the Bulletin has this remark at "England," which is sixth, (coming after "Ireland," and before "Scotland" and "Wales" in the list of twenty-six: England "*includes Great Britain, not specified.*" So England gets credit for all the Scotch and Welsh here, who said they were born in Great Britain (their own native national divisions "not specified.") What wonder that her numbers in this country, including thousands of Irish parentage, swell, as per this Bulletin, to very nearly one-half of our Irish count above!

† In proof of this, here are the facts. The ceusns of 1850 was the *first* to give the foreign nationalities of birth, all under sixteen heads, Germany and Ireland getting by far the highest credits, Total foreign-born population here, that year, 2,244,602; of which number 583,774 were Germans and 961,719 Irish. Total in 1860, 4,138,697, of whom 1,276,075 were born in Germany and 1,611,304 were born in Ireland. Total 1870, 5,567,229, of whom 1,690,533 were born in Germany and 1,855,827 in Ireland. In 1880, for the first time, Germany shows the most, to wit, 1,966,742 out of an aggregate foreign-born return of 6,679,943, of which number 1,854,571 were born in Ireland. The census returns of February last show little increase for Ireland, but a very large augmentation for Germany, which is credited with 2,784,894 out of a total foreign-born count of 9,249,547; but of course this is too recent to counteract the constant Irish majorities and their natural increase *for generations* as the largest *foreign element* here to-day.

the Irish trade in woolen goods proceeded from no less a source than *both Houses of the English Parliament!*—sufficient proof of the gravity of the case. That was exactly two hundred years ago, another significant fact in more senses than one, but one will do us here—over that Irish industry (rooted in the affections of the people even in the days of Edward III.) had rolled in fifty years three long and bloody wars in quick succession, including the "scourge" of Cromwell and the war of the Revolution; yet here, at the close of this last struggle and the terrible seventeenth century, is the English Parliament complaining to its King that the Irish trade *even then* continued to supplant the English trade, not only in the foreign, but likewise in the colonial market! Yes, and first of all, in the English market too! till excluded by an express act of Parliament, imposing the penalties of *confiscation* and *transportation*. So brisk the home and foreign market for the Irish goods, that numbers of English artisans crossed over and settled down in the Liberties of Dublin, then one flourishing centre of the woolen manufacture. We have given the English King's answer to the appeal of his own Parliament, but it is such interesting reading let us stereotype it in duplicate: "*My lords and gentlemen, I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woolen manufacture in Ireland!*" He kept his word *for once*, by signing more than one bill against the woolen industry of Ireland, which then supported thousands all over the country in every province—Dublin, Athy, Tullagh, Baltinglass, Birr, Chappelizod, Charleville, Limerick, Bruff, Cork, Bandon, Connaught, etc. The works at Clonmel "employed many hundreds of people, and made as good cloth and stuffs as England could produce," as Lawrence ("Interest of Ireland," p. 188.) attests. And this long after the enactment of the law, 12th of Charles II., chapter 4, imposing heavy duties in England on Irish woolens imported into that country, and also after the Act 15th, chapter 7, of the same reign, excluding all Irish "exports of value" from the colonies and Irish cattle from England. "In the history of *no other country* is a series of legislative decrees to be met with," says a voluminous writer, George Lewis Smith, "such as were aimed against, not the woolen manufacture solely, *but the whole trade of Ireland* from the year 1660 to the year 1699." Hear Lecky:

"The main industry of Ireland has been deliberately destroyed because it had so prospered that English manufacturers had begun to regard it as a competitor with their own. It is true, indeed, that a promise was made that the linen and hempen manufacture should be encouraged as a compensation, but *even if it had been a just principle that a nation should be restricted by force of law to one or two forms of industry, there was no proportion between that which was destroyed and that which was to be favored*, and no real reciprocity established between the two countries.

"The English utterly suppressed the existing woolen manufacture in Ireland in order to reserve that industry entirely to themselves. But the English and Scotch continued, as usual, their manufacture of linen. The Irish woolen trade was ruined in 1699, but no legislative encouragement was given to the Irish linen manufacture till 1705, when, at the urgent request of the Irish Parliament, the Irish were allowed to export their white and brown linens, but these only to the British colonies, and they were not permitted to bring any colonial goods in return. The Irish linen manufacture was undoubtedly encouraged by bounties, *but not until 1743, when the country had sunk into a condition of appalling wretchedness.* In spite of the compact of 1698, the hempen manufacture was so discouraged that it positively ceased. Disabling duties were imposed on Irish sail cloth imported into England. Irish checked, striped, and dyed linens were absolutely excluded from the colonies. They were virtually excluded from England by the imposition of a duty of 30 per cent., and Ireland was not allowed to participate in the bounties granted for the exportation of these descriptions of linen from Great Britain to foreign countries." ("English in Ireland," vol. II. p. 177.)

Such the punic faith of the selfish coward and bully, every word of the historian corroborated by Lord Rockingham in the English House of Lords.

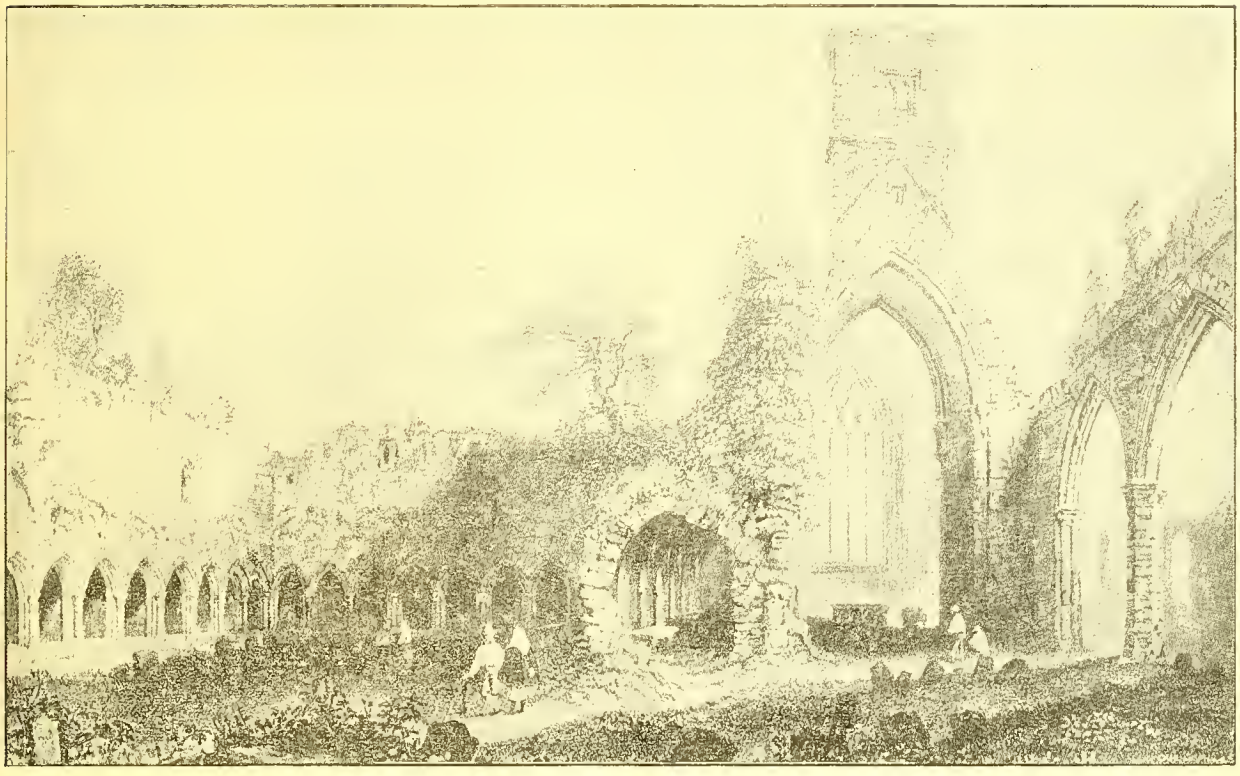
When Cromwell did his best to make a desert and call it peace, even his own countrymen tried to open his eyes to the injury his brutish nature was inflicting on English settlers in Ireland. One Vincent Gookin published a remonstrance in which this testimony is given:

"Moreover, there are few of the Irish peasantry but were skillful in husbandry and more exact than any of the English in the husbandry proper to the country, few of the women but were skillful in dressing hemp and flax, and making woolen cloth. In every hundred men there were five or six masons and carpenters, at least, and much more skillful in supplying the defects of instruments and materials than English artificers."

And long before Cromwell the iron mines and mills of Ireland gave extensive employment in every one of the four provinces. Our esteemed friend, Mr. John F. Scanlan's book, "Why Ireland is Poor," tells the plain truth at page 23 in the following extract, which the old Natural History of Ireland by Boate (written nearly three hundred years ago) and a still higher authority, Dr. Kane, fully support, as we have taken the trouble to verify:

"At the opening of the sixteenth century iron mills were located in Tallow, county Cork, Dingle, in Kerry, and in Desart, in King's county.

"Mines were worked in Fermanagh, Cavan, Tyrone, Queen's



DOMINICAN ABBEY OF THE HOLY CROSS, SLIGO.

county, Clare, Roscommon and Leitrim. The product of these mines, after being manufactured, was generally shipped from Waterford to London. So that over three hundred years ago the capital of the British Empire was supplied with iron from Ireland. If that industry had been carefully nurtured up to this time, Ireland would not now have a periodical famine, nor would her children be scattered over the earth, the hewers of wood and drawers of water. England saw and feared this, and, through restrictive laws and the ageney of British gold and British protection, transferred those industries to herself, resulting in wealth for England and poverty for Ireland."

Sir William Petty reported to the Government that there were then in all Ireland 6,600 smelting iron factories in full blast!—all destroyed by English jealousy!

Here is the high corroboration of Kane: "Some cen-"turies ago Ireland presented a picture of manufacturing "industry. * * * Covered with forests and possessing "iron ore, as we shall hereafter show, of the highest purity "in great abundance, Ireland was sprinkled over with "small iron works in which the wood charcoal was em-"ployed; and thus iron manufactured of excellent quality—"in fact, *such as we now import from Sweden and Russia* "*for all the finer purposes of cutlery and mechanism.*"

THROWN ON THE LAND, ROBBED BY THE LANDLORDS.

This must suffice to show how, one by one, the manufacturing industries of Ireland were ruined and put out of the way by England for her own selfish and unscrupulous ends, *thus crowding the working classes on the land for employment* with this necessary and, indeed, inevitable result—the most terrible competition for its possession of which history has any record in modern times. Being the only means of supporting existence for *seven-eighths* of the population, thousands were compelled to submit to every exaction of the landlords, even to the parting with the whole fruits of their toil, *except a single vegetable to keep soul and body together*—every head of cattle, every sheep, every hog, every crop of wheat, of oats, of barley, etc., even the few hens and their very eggs!

Here is an extract from the report of the Land Commis-

"THE SEVEN CHURCHES" OF CLONMACNOISE,* COUNTY WESTMEATH.

sion, presided over by Lord Devon, and presented to the two Houses of Parliament in 1845. This document mainly consists of solemn depositions, *affirmed on oath*. The witness before us is an agricultural laborer named Michael Sullivan. The more detailed quotation of the questions and answers is precluded by our limits:

"Under whom do you hold your house?"

"Under a farmer named Daniel Regan; just a house and an acre of ground."

"What do you pay for it?"

"£3; £2 for the acre, and £1 for the house."

"Have you the acre always in the same place?"

"The acre I have this year I cannot have it next year; he will have it himself. *I must manure another acre;* and without friends, I could not live."

"Have you constant employment?"

"*No;* but whenever he wishes to call me, he gives me *6d.* a day and my diet; and then at other times *I go down into the country*, and earn £1 or 30*s.*"

"What family have you?"

"Five children, the oldest twelve years—seven of us to be supported."

"What is your general food?"

"*Nothing but dry potatoes.* Not a drop of milk. I would think myself middling happy if I could give the children that. The farmers in the same district, except one out of a hundred, cannot drink a pint of sour milk, among five in family, from about Christmas until about the 17th of March, or so; and then generally they are forced to sell their sour milk *to meet the rent*, or pawn their clothes."

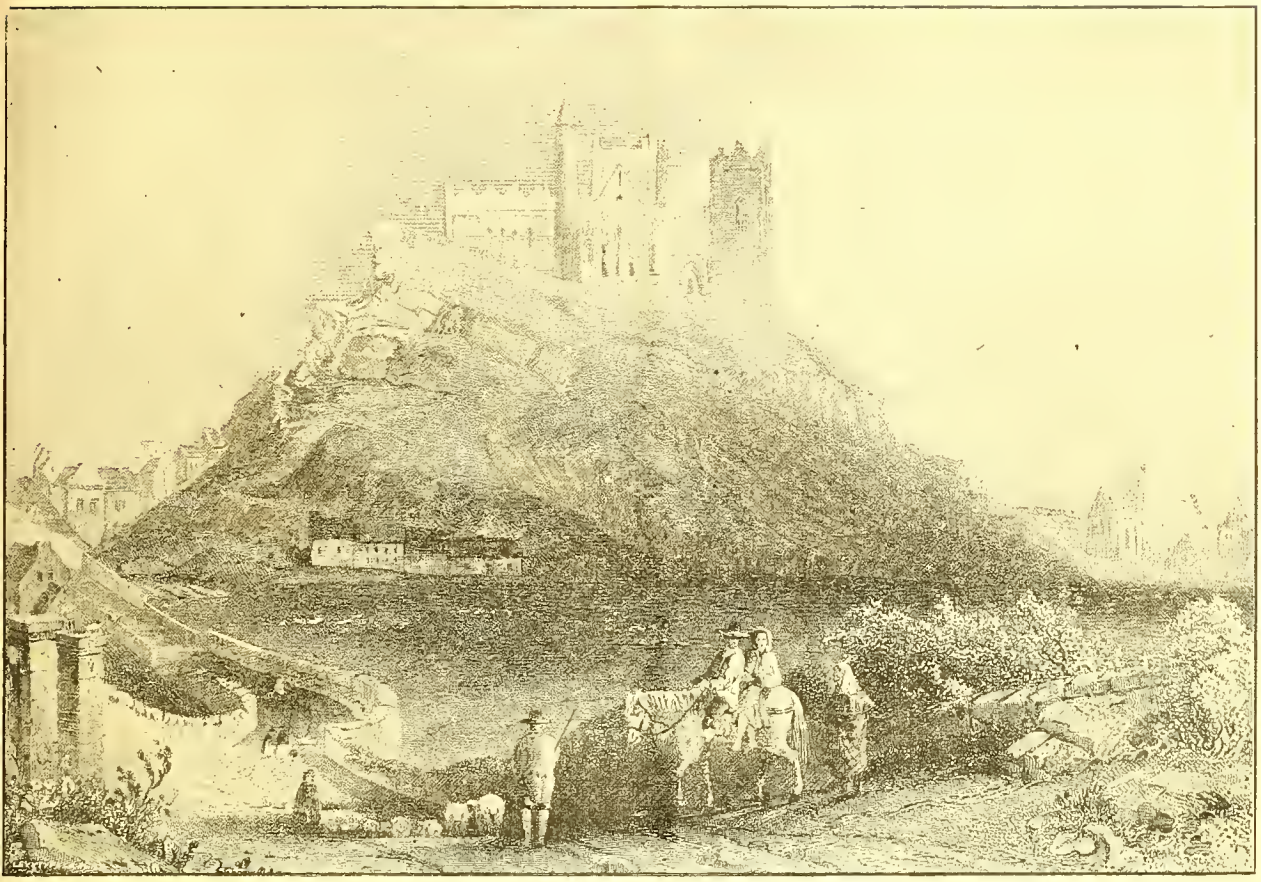
"Have you a pig?"

"Yes. He must be kept in some part of the house, in a corner. I might make room outside for the pig, *if I was sure of the house for a second year;* but I do not mean to go to the trouble; and many the same as me do not do so, *not being sure of the house for a second year.*"

There is the whole case in a nutshell, and upon oath. There are the toil without industry, the industry without reward, the improving of the soil and the improved soil taken away every year, the insecurity of tenure, the pinch-

*On the east bank of the Shannon, (the largest river in the British Isles), the ruins shown in our illustration above are all that remain of an ancient city and a great ecclesiastical centre, antedating the first arrival of the English by *six hundred years*.

We don't claim this antiquity for the Sligo and other abbeys illustrated above. It is quite sufficient for our purpose that England had nothing to do with them.



ROCK OF CASHEL,* COUNTY TIPPERARY.

ing economy, the selling of the necessaries of life to meet the rent, the straining to pay it faithfully, the migratory trudgings in quest of work, the faithful return to wife and children, the compelled uncleanliness, as respects the pig, and the compelled "indolence" which will not build him a mansion outside.

What Michael Sullivan says here of Daniel Regan, the Daniel Regans have to say of the Hawardens, the Trenches, the Pollocks, the Adairs and the Plunkets. The poor cottier is ground by the farmer, *because* the farmer is ground by the middle-man, upon whom the lord of the soil, rioting in luxury or debauchery in London or Paris, on the Rhine or on the Danube, keeps tight the pecuniary screw. Mr. Smyth affirms (p. 20) that the members of this poor tenant's class "are to be counted, not by thousands, *but by millions.*" As the assertion stands without proof, we beg to supply it. At the time referred to, according to the census of 1841, there were in Ireland 310,436 very small farms, of from one to five acres each; and of holdings *under one acre*, there were 685,309. Here are 995,745 very poor land tenants, and allowing to each any domestic responsibility you please, as respects wife and children, father or mother, brother or sister, how literally true is it that the members of Michael Sullivan's class "*are to be counted by millions!*" And where is the wonder, when, according to the same census, nearly *seven-eighths* of the population, precisely 7,039,659, depended for subsistence on agriculture! See Thom's (Dublin) Almanac, an official authority, for any year from '41 to '51. Having gone from province to province, from county to county, and town to town, having heard all the testimony of landlords as well as of tenants, and placed every word of it on record, the Devon

* No such imposing ecclesiastical ruin in England as this on the Rock of Cashel. Our illustration shows one of the *prehistoric* Round Towers, said to antedate St. Patrick in Ireland, and also the Cathedral, but it does not show the greatest wonder of all, Cormac's Chapel, all rock, even the roof, a marvel of architecture and sculpture in almost perfect preservation, though long antedating the English Invasion in the twelfth century.

Commissioners, *every one of them* an Irish landlord, placed on the same record their own solemn and *unanimous conclusion.* The reader cannot but be curious to know it. Here it is, that he may judge for himself how far Michael Sullivan is to be regarded as a representative man, and how far his testimony on oath is to be credited:

"The agricultural laborers of Ireland suffer the greatest privations and hardships—they depend upon *precarious and casual employment for subsistence*—they are badly housed, badly fed, badly clothed, and *badly paid for their labors*—it would be impossible to describe adequately the sufferings and privations which the cottiers and laborers and their families in most parts of the country endure—in many districts their only food is the potato, their beverage water—their cabins are seldom a protection against the weather—a bed or a blanket is a rare luxury—nearly in all, their pig and their manure heap constitute their only property—a large proportion of the entire population comes within the designation of agricultural laborers, and endure sufferings *greater than the people of any other country in Europe* have to sustain * * * It would be impossible for language to convey an idea of the state of distress to which the *ejected tenantry* have been reduced, or of the disease, misery, and even vice which they have propagated in the towns wherein they have settled; so that not only they who have been ejected have been rendered miserable, but they have carried with them and propagated their misery wherever they have dwelt."

When a parliamentary court of Irish landlords thus testifies against their own class, how overwhelming must have been the testimony on the side of the oppressed!

Nor is this testimony one iota more trustworthy or respectable than that of Wakefield, whose great pains to ascertain the truth in this matter have left behind a record fully as ponderous and nearly as minute as that of the Land Commission. The fact that he preceded Lord Devon by an interval of thirty-six years is very much to the purpose, as showing that the present of Ireland is an unmitigated bequest of the horrid past. The array of facts presented by this laborious investigator, from every section of the country, with all the corroborative circumstances of names and places and dates, puts us to our wits' end to determine what to select or where to commence. In this dilemma let us simply follow his own arrangement. From volume 1 we take the following, the captions and italics are our own:

EXACTING THE SAME RENT TWICE!

"Six months' credit is generally given on the rents, which is called 'the hanging gale.' This is one of the great levers of oppression by which the lower classes are kept in a kind of perpetual bondage, for as every family almost holds some portion of land, and owes half a year's rent, which a landlord can exact in a moment, this debt hangs over their heads like a load and keeps them in a continual state of anxiety and terror. If the rent is not paid the cattle are driven to the pound, and if suffered to remain there a certain number of days they are sold. *This I have frequently seen done after the occupying tenant had paid his rent to the middle-man, who had failed to pay it to the head landlord!!** The numerous instances of distress *occasioned by this severity*, which every one who has resided in Ireland must have witnessed, are truly deplorable; and I *believe them to be one of the chief causes of those frequent risings of the people*, under various denominations, which at different times have disturbed the internal tranquillity of the country.

* "*The law authorizes the landlord* in the event of the bankruptcy of a middle-man to whom the occupiers had paid their rents, to come upon the latter and to *force them to pay their rents over again to him!*" (M'Culloch, p. 34, vol. 2.)

WHOLESALE EXPULSION OF CATHOLICS TO MAKE ROOM FOR PROTESTANTS!

"At the same time he works for his landlord at the small wages of 5*d.* per day; but when he comes to settle he receives nothing, as the food of his few sheep is set off against what he charges for labor. In this manner the poor cottier must toil *without end;* while his family eats up the produce of the small spot of land he has hired. This is called by the lower classes of the Irish 'working for a dead horse;' that is to say, getting in debt. Happening to dine at Cork with Dr. Moylan, the Catholic Bishop, he related to me the following circumstance in regard to some townlands belonging to the Duke of Devonshire: These lands were occupied by *two hundred families*, and on the expiration of their leases the Duke's agents wishing to substitute Protestants in the room of Catholics, refused to renew them. The occupiers finding that they were likely to be deprived of their possessions, drew up a memorial of the case, which Dr. Moylan presented to the Right Honorable Henry Elliot, who transmitted it to General Walpole. But what was the result? It was returned to the very agent whose conduct was censured; and this gentleman, a zealous friend, no doubt, to the Established Church, disregarding the claims of the Catholics, *introduced Protestants in their stead;* but interest, which often assumes the appearance of liberality, and in many cases impels men to do what they otherwise would not, induced the new tenants to enter into treaty with the old ones, and the latter obtained leases of their former lands at a small *rack rent;* but with this difference in their situation, *that they were now sub-tenants, under persons who were middle-men.*" (pp. 253, 254.)

LEVYING BLACKMAIL OF TEN GUINEAS ($53) PER ACRE!

"Since I was last in Ireland I have learned, not without considerable regret, a circumstance in regard to the conduct of the owner of one of the best estates in that country, which, as it cannot be doubted, for I have it from the best authority, ought to be publicly known from one end of the British empire to the other. As soon as the proprietor came of age, his agent sent notice to all the tenants whose leases were expired that there could be no renewal for them unless each consented *to pay a fine of ten guineas per acre!* But this was not all: To those in possession of leases a threat was held out that *unless they surrendered their leases, paid the required fine*, and took out new ones, a mark would be placed against their names in the rental book, and not only they, *but their heirs and families would be forever excluded from any benefit of a renewal.* Can words be found sufficiently strong to characterize this unparalleled exaction? Was it anything else than levying a tax of ten guineas per acre nearly in the same manner as the autocrat of Russia would order a new impost by an imperial *ukase?* The estate to which I allude extends over many miles of country, and refusal on their part would have been sealing an act of expatriation. *They had no alternative—they could only comply; and thus the hard-earned savings of many years' labor were wrested from the hands of industry to be employed, perhaps, for the worst of purposes*—to be spent at the gaming table—to pamper luxury—or to gratify the vitiated taste of profligacy and dissipation. It was the apparent act of the

numerous agents who infest the estate; *but the plan must have been known to and approved by the owner.*" (pp. 256, 257.)

He reverses the picture to show what these poor, plundered people have the ability and inclination to do, when treated fairly:

"When at Mr. Stewart's, at the Ards, in Donegal, I found that he *paid his laborers in money every Saturday night.* He was the *only man in the county*, perhaps, who thought of it, and the difference which it produced was undoubtedly striking. I was there in company with Sir William Rowley, his son, and his brother, the Rev. Joshua Rowley; and I remember we were all filled with astonishment long before we got within the walls of his domain at the appearance of everything around us, being unable to discover what magical power could effect so speedy and so uncommon a difference as we observed, *not only in the looks of the people, but in their habitations, and whatever else belonged to them.* We, however, soon found that the SPELL WAS READY MONEY, AND REGULAR WEEKLY PAYMENTS. I found Dr. Dudley at Killown employed in the same manner, as I had often seen him at Bradwell, in Essex, giving work to the poor, and encouraging their honest industry. I shall not easily forget an expression he made use of on that occasion; it deserves to be recorded, and may afford a useful lesson to those who are too apt to judge from prejudice: 'Wakefield, look at these poor fellows, *and honestly acknowledge that an Irishman can work;* but bear this in mind, *that he is paid every Saturday night!*'" (pp. 512, 513.)

CHALICE OF ARDAGH, CO. LONGFORD, composed of 374 pieces, gold, silver, &c. *As a work of art unique, rivaling the Cross of Cong.* (*Before the English.*)

TAKING CATTLE AND CROPS OF CATHOLICS TO SUPPORT PROTESTANT MINISTERS!

Wakefield devotes 210 pages quarto of volume II to the shocking Tythe System which, though now abolished, can never be forgotten when one is accounting for the poverty of Catholic Ireland or holding up to the spittle of outraged reason and civilization the disgusting kettle-of-fish government. He dwells (English and Protestant though he was) on the manifest and unblushing wrong of compelling Catholics, who had a priesthood of their own to support, to hand over the *tenth part* of the produce of their poor industry, to maintain, in "luxury" and "idleness," a ministry whose teachings they believed to be false, and whose services they most cordially repudiated. He shows how tithes of agistment (tithes on pasture lands and uncultivated grounds), were abolished in order to exempt the landlords from the payment of this tax for the support of *their own clergy!* (p. 484.) He describes the scenes of wailing and lamentation, of riot and bloodshed, of arson and desolation, produced by the forcible carrying off of the crops, and the impounding of cattle, horses and swine belonging to Catholics, for inability, neglect or disinclination to pay with punctuality this cruel exaction. He calculates that fully *seven-eighths* of the rectoral tithes in the Province of Connaught and elsewhere *belonged to laymen!* He shows how the Presbyterians of Ulster resisted this injustice, and how gently this resistance was met; while in the Catholic south and west the *only cow of the poor widow used to be taken from her little ones*, and sold at public cant, to liquidate this cruel imposition to the last farthing! He asserts the well-known fact, that any Protestant might have compelled any Catholic to dismount from his horse, and hand it over to the aggressor on the presentation of a *five* pound note, no matter what the value of the horse might have been! Such was the statute law of Ireland—no Catholic could keep a horse worth more than that sum—so it was useless, he affirms, for the Catholic to take his grievances into a court of *justice!* And then he exclaims in astonishment: "*Yet still the "Catholics are re-"proached with pov-"erty; a circumstance "which is not to be "imputed to them, but "to those who, in their folly, thought it good policy to "drive their wealthy brethren into exile, and to impose "on those who remained those cruel restrictions which "deprived them of every incitement to industry, and de-"stroyed the hopes and power of promotion.*" (p. 654.)

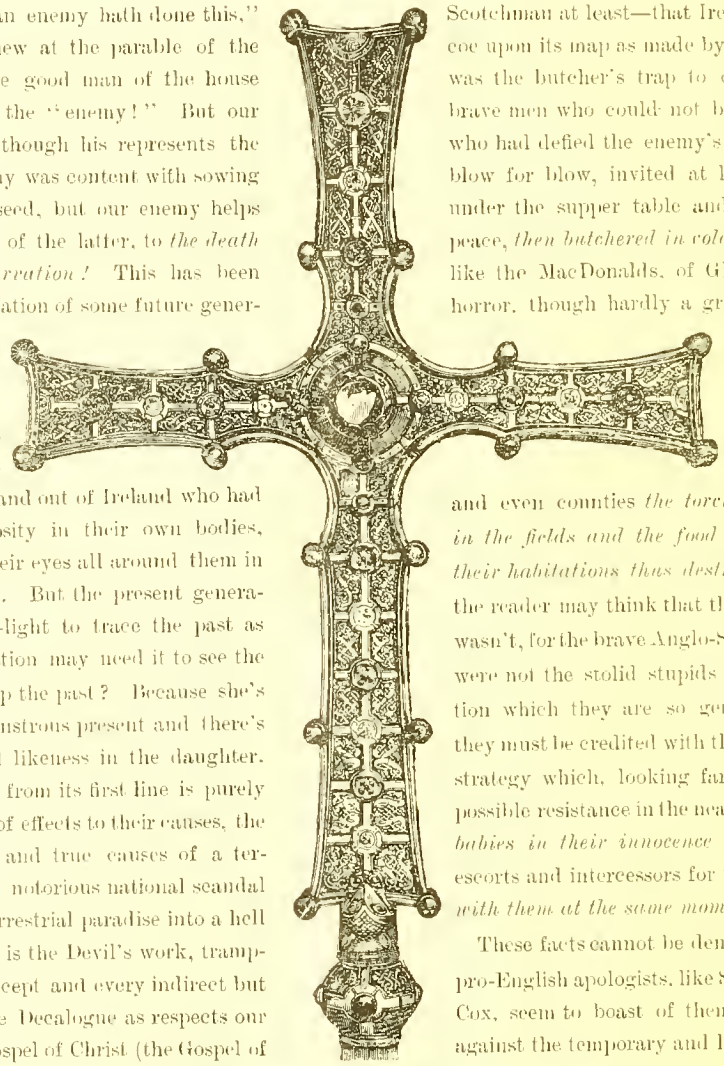
Notice, dear reader, how this single bit of testimony covers one-half of the eight alternatives above, and that from a stranger in Ireland, an Englishman and a Protestant!—every word corroborated by McCulloch, a witness of the same class.

Mr. Griffiths, government engineer, and highest authority on Irish land-valuation, computed the tithes of Ireland paid to Church of England ministers at "£821,214" per annum—then fully *five millions of dollars yearly*, exacted mainly from the poor Catholic tillers of the soil!! "Yet the Catholics are reproached with poverty!" In 1838 an abatement of 25 per cent. was made, leaving about $3,000,000 yearly for collection.

England's Kettle of Fish.

OUR LAST ALTERNATIVE—THE ENEMY.

Hoc fecit inimicus—"an enemy hath done this," as we read in St. Matthew at the parable of the cockle. How quickly the good man of the house detected the "hand" of the "enemy!" But our enemy beats his enemy, though his represents the Devil; for the gospel enemy was content with sowing the cockle over the good seed, but our enemy helps himself to the whole crop of the latter, to *the death of the producers by starvation!* This has been shown above for the edification of some future generation, as the present one (pretty generally at least) knows all about it through its own eyes and ears, yes and stomachs; for thousands are living to-day in and out of Ireland who had evidence of that monstrosity in their own bodies, whilst they saw it with their eyes all around them in *complete accomplishment*. But the present generation may want our rush-light to trace the past as much as a future generation may need it to see the present. But why call up the past? Because she's the mother of the still monstrous present and there's no mistaking the parental likeness in the daughter. Moreover, this discussion from its first line is purely and essentially a tracing of effects to their causes, the fundamental, continual and true causes of a terrible social anomaly and notorious national scandal—the conversion of a terrestrial paradise into a hell upon earth. Plainly this is the Devil's work, trampling on every direct precept and every indirect but manifest inference of the Decalogue as respects our neighbor; and for the Gospel of Christ (the Gospel of justice, of mercy, of forgiveness, of peace, of doing as you would be done by), substituting the evangel of hate, revenge, insult, defamation and calumny, perfidy and perjury and treachery, thievery and plunder by the wholesale and without a blush; provocation to resistance beyond human endurance, and that with the diabolical motive of expulsion at the point of the bayonet and confiscation *by the county and province*, taking not only the land, but all upon it—houses, live-stock, farm-plant and growing crops; then the futile attempt to force conscience as relating to religion; and will it be credited—oh, yes it will by every Scotchman at least—that Ireland has many a Glencoe upon its map as made by God, where hospitality was the butcher's trap to catch and slaughter!—brave men who could not be caught or conquered, who had defied the enemy's best and worst, giving blow for blow, invited at last to bury the hatchet under the supper table and smoke the calumet of peace, *then butchered in cold blood over their plates*, like the MacDonalds, of Glencoe! A still greater horror, though hardly a greater infamy, remains to be told, and the horror was greater only in *the number* of victims—throughout whole townlands, parishes and even counties *the torch applied to the crops in the fields and the food of man and beast with their habitations thus destroyed by fire!* Perhaps the reader may think that this was the climax, but it wasn't, for the brave Anglo-Saxon soldiery of England were not the stolid stupids in the faculty of invention which they are so generally supposed to be: they must be credited with that refinement in military strategy which, looking far ahead, provide against possible resistance in the near future at least, *sending babies in their innocence to heaven* as the best of escorts and intercessors for their mothers *dispatched with them at the same moment!*



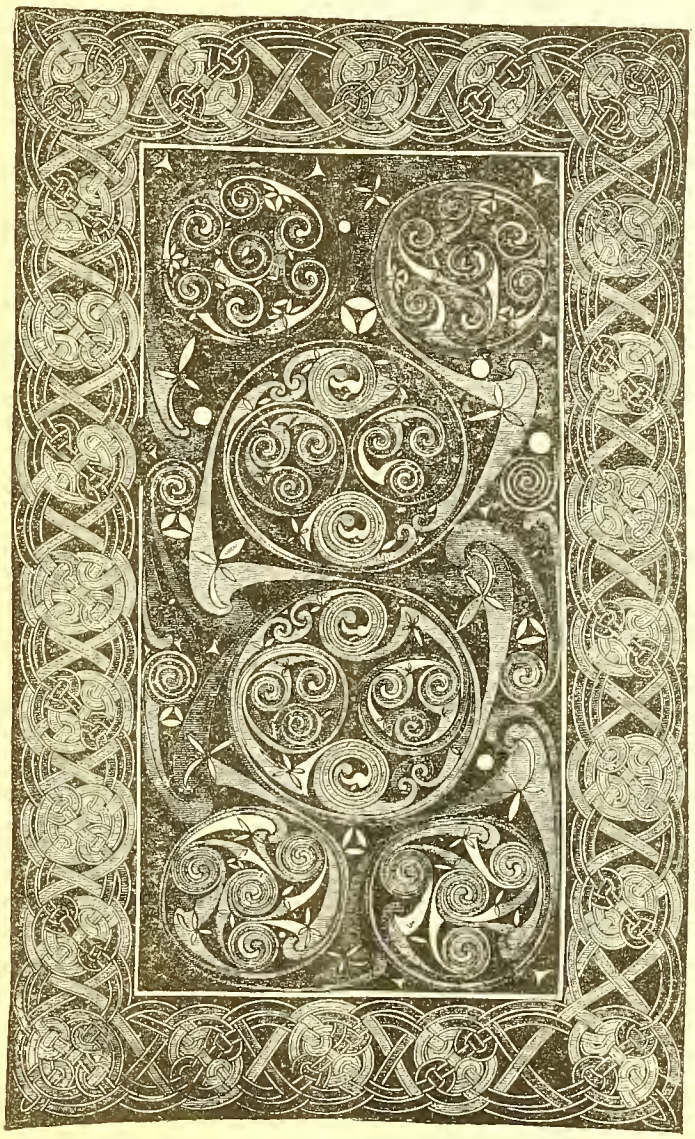
CROSS OF CONG.*

These facts cannot be denied; on the contrary, the pro-English apologists, like Spenser, Hollingshed and Cox, seem to boast of them, apparently as a set-off against the temporary and local punishment inflicted all over the country time and again by the Irish on their enemies. The victories of the Irish chieftains at such pitched battles as those of the Yellowford, Benburb and Limerick seem to have maddened all England. According to the Government authority of Sir Wm. Petty, the Rebellion of 1641 cost England over one hundred thousand men! He certainly had opportunities of knowing *that:*

*This miracle of interwoven tracery in copper and brass is 2½ feet high, studded with 13 jewels (5 lost), with one great convex crystal in the centre. *Before the English.* See illustrations, "Abbey of Cong" and "Pigeon Hole," above for locality.

but how he could have found out that the Irish lost over four times as many we cannot suppose, except on the principle that the wish is father to the thought.

But let us hear some of the boasting. Spenser, the poet, was one of the invaders. He came over as secretary to the viceroy, Lord Grey, and was grandly provided for on the banks and braes of the lovely Anbeg, in the county Cork, and the finest quarter of confiscated Desmond. Here he composed his celebrated "Faerie Queen," but from which the coward had to fly with his life. He returned to England, and abused the Irish in all the moods and tenses of his barbarous Anglo-Saxon, because they would not submit to be plundered with impunity.



ILLUMINATED PAGE, BOOK OF DURROW, KING'S COUNTY. (*Long before the English.*)

He urgently pressed upon the English Government to reduce the Irish by laying waste the crops, so that they might "*quietly consume themselves and devour one another!*" "The proof whereof," he continues, "I saw *sufficiently* in these late warres of Munster; for notwithstanding that the same was *a most rich and plentiful country, full of corn and cattle*, that you would have thought they should have been able to stand long, yet *in one yeare and a halfe* they were brought to *such wretchedness* as that *any stony heart would have rued the same*. Out of every corner of the woods and glymes they came creeping forth upon their handes, *for their leggyes could not beare them: they looked like anatomies of death; they spoke like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carrions, happy where they could find them, yea and one another soone after in so much as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves, and if they found a plot of water cresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time; yet not able long to continue there withall, that in short space there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddainly left voyde of man and beast.*" ("View of the State of Ireland," by Edmund Spenser, page 165.)

Hollinshed, whose politest nickname for the Irish was "vile rebels," thus describes the march of the English soldiery through another district: "As they went they drove the *whole country before them* into the ventrie, and then by that means they preyed and *took all the cattle in the country* to the number of 8,000 kine, besides horses, garrons, sheep and goats; and *all such people as they met, they did without mercy put to the sword; by these means the whole country having no cattle or kine, they were driven to such extremities, that for want of victuals they were either to die and perish for famine or to die under the sword.* The soldiers likewise in the camp were so hot upon the spur, and so eager upon the vile rebels, that that day they spared NEITHER MAN, WOMAN NOR CHILD, BUT ALL WAS COMMITTED TO THE SWORD." (Hollinshed, Chronicles, vol. vi, pp. 427, 430, etc., etc., etc.)

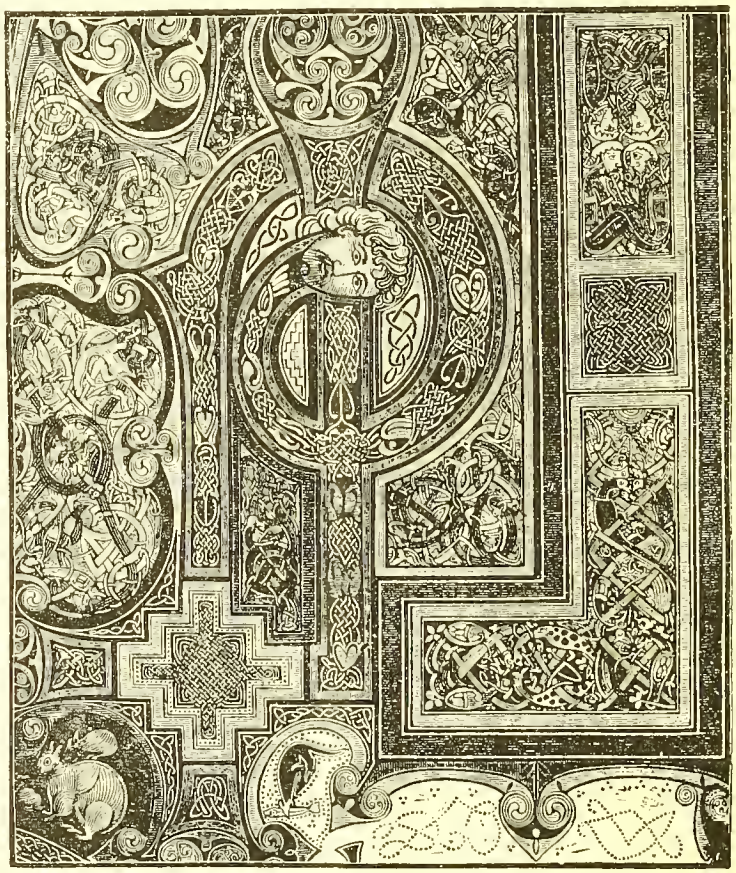
Cox, another historical enemy of the native Irish, says that the English army "marched into Desmond (Cork and

Kerry) *without opposition, burning and spoiling all as they went—they burned the country till the 23d of July.*" ("Hibernia Anglicana," by Richard Cox, published in London, 1689, pp. 201, 211, etc., etc., etc.)

Moryson, the English historian, says: "*Thousands perished by famine, and every road and district was encumbered by their unburied carcasses.*" See, also, Curry's "Civil Wars"; see Leland's "History of Ireland," in particular.

The time referred to in the above extracts is that of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Some forty pages back we commenced this discussion by attributing the poverty of Ireland to *internal* or *external* causes or some combination of both. As nobody can find a flaw in that foundation of our argument, we can't be accused of building on a defective basement at all events. The reader is now invited to pass his own verdict on the superstructure. This we do most cordially and with all confidence, because convinced that he can't charge us with shirking a single issue, and seven out of the eight issues, embracing the whole question, bear down heavily on the Irish or internal, possible causes. Now, if it has been shown that not one of these seven, nor all of them put together, can be set down as responsible directly or indirectly for the shocking tragedy and scandal of *millions of men starved to death where their good Creator placed them in a land of plenty, that plenty*, under God, their own production, *in the place of their birth*, by the *sweat of their brow*, what follows but that the only other cause, the *external* cause, the *foreign government cause*, is the agent of the Devil in the slaughter, and in the transformation of a most beautiful and bounteous territorial gift of God into a hell on earth! Given all the alleged sources, eight in number, of a certain effect, seven are found to have had nothing whatever to do with it, then the eighth has every thing to do with it. But this is not all, for every one of the seven negatives is seen to point most naturally in the very *opposite direction* to that effect, the direction of full and plenty, leaving that wretched effect to another, its true cause, which is not only thus identified but actually *affirmed* in the positive and direct corollary so naturally flowing from each and all. Here then is a two fold argument and two-fold proof throughout and here we might close this discussion, as not requiring one word more, having brought home to the door of the nasty, revolting, kettle-of-fish Government the whole responsibility for the past and present sufferings of the Irish people in their native land.

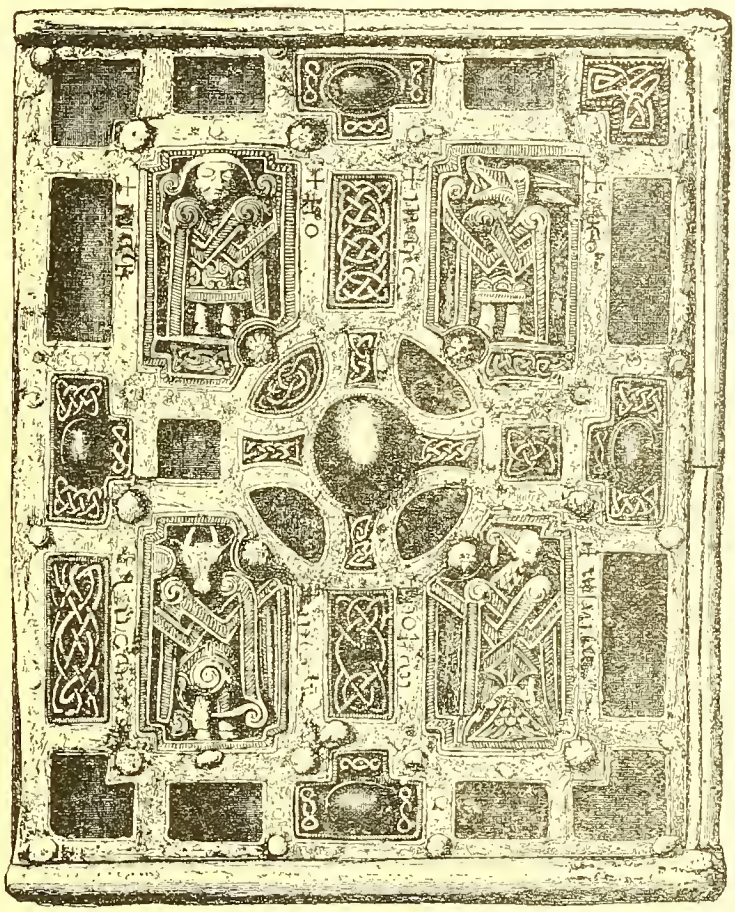


GORGEOUS ILLUMINATION, BOOK OF KELLS, CO. MEATH. (500 *years before the English.*)
"No copy can do justice to the executive perfection of the original."—STOKES.

THE PROOF DIRECT AND POSITIVE.

We have seen, by sample at least proportioned to our limits, how English jealousy had put Irish manufacturing and commercial competition out of her way, depriving thousands of their accustomed and profitable employments, thus forcing them to look to agriculture for a living.

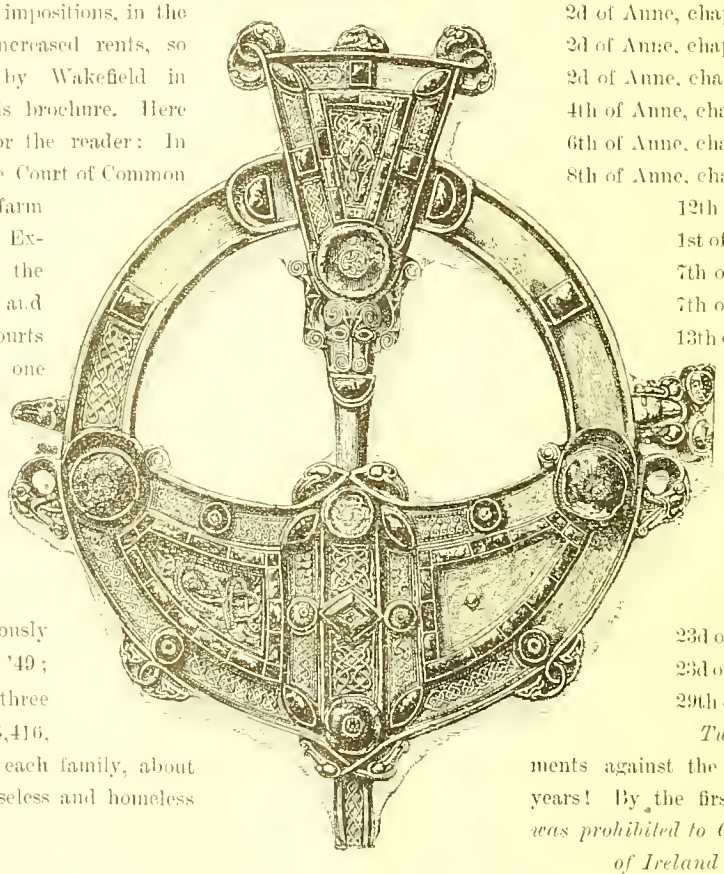
Having got seven-eighths of the Irish people there, here is how she treated them—passing a whole code of Penal Laws, of which the following are but a few, though perhaps the most severe: The 7th of William III., chapter 33; the 11th of Anne, c. 2; the 9th of Anne, c. 8; the 4th of George I., c. 5; the 8th of George I., c. 2; the 5th of George II., c. 4; the 15th of George II., c. 15; the 25th of George II., c. 13; the 15th and 16th of George III., c. 27; the 19th and 20th of George III., c. 30; the 26th of George III., c. 24, sec. 64; the 56th of George III., c. 88; the 58th of George III., c. 39; the 1st of George IV., c. 87; the 7th of George IV., c. 29; the 1st and 2d of William IV., c. 33; the 6th and 7th of William IV., c. 70—all directly aimed at the industry and liberty of the tenant, the many springs from which have flowed all the agrarian miseries of the country—the legal robberies of the landlord and his satraps, the many nocturnal combinations of the people, the wholesale exterminations covering the face of the land with mendicancy, the maddened revenge, which in turn ejected the ejector, scattering his blood to manure the sod as himself had manured it with the sweat of unrequited brows. To describe the respective points and gravities of these parliamentary missiles would throw us into a dissertation far beyond our limits. Let it suffice to state this one feature of the existing law—that, contrary to the spirit of all law, ancient and modern, whose very corner-stone is the principle, that in all matters of claim and repudiation between man and man, appertaining to liberty or property, a third party, the constituted legal umpire, must decide—contrary to that fundamental basis of all social order, an Irish landlord claiming rent from his tenant may enter upon the grounds and premises of the latter and take away his property, without applying for the authorization of any court or umpire in the universe! Even if his claim be false in fact or unjust in equity, he can do the same thing, in which case the onus of commencing to play the costly game of the courts is thrown upon the oppressed! And woe to the tenant who has the temerity of dragging the landlord into court! The local conception of such rashness is—going to law with a certain nameless personage and the court in a certain nameless place!



THE CUMDACH (CASE OR SHRINE), OF ST. MOLAISE'S GOSPELS.
(Another miracle of ancient Irish art in bronze and silver, before the English.)

Another feature of the law is—the landlord, upon any whim after a night's debauch, can eject his tenant-at-will in the face of all improvements by the latter, and the existence of a just God. Be those improvements fencing or draining or manuring or weeding or planting or quarrying or building—let the land have been even so poor or neglected when he came into possession by descent or purchase, and be ever so rich now—let the marsh be

drained, the bog reclaimed, the naked rock covered, the thin soil deepened, the weedy soil cleaned, the boundaries fenced, the orchard planted, the house or houses built—in the face of all this outlay of time, labor and money the tenant may be ejected without one penny of compensation! *Nay, in hundreds of well-authenticated instances those very improvements have been the sole temptation to get rid of him, and take possession of all!!* And in thousands of other instances, when left in possession, they have been the sole cause of those crushing impositions, in the shape of fines and increased rents, so truthfully portrayed by Wakefield in another chapter of this brochure. Here is a startling fact for the reader: In the single year 1844 the Court of Common Pleas ejected 76 Irish farm tenants; the Court of Exchequer expelled 790; the Queen's Bench, 963, and the Quarter Sessions Courts 4,683—in all, 6,512 in one year, whose families numbered 24,832 souls! In the next year the number of ejectments was 4,899, affecting 18,070 human beings! The number swelled enormously during 1847, '48 and '49; the aggregate for the three years having been 35,416, representing, at five to each family, about 177,000 souls cast houseless and homeless in three years!!



THE TARA BROOCH (OBVERSE OR FRONT).

It ranks with the Cross of Cong and the Ardagh Chalice.

OPPRESSING CONSCIENCE.

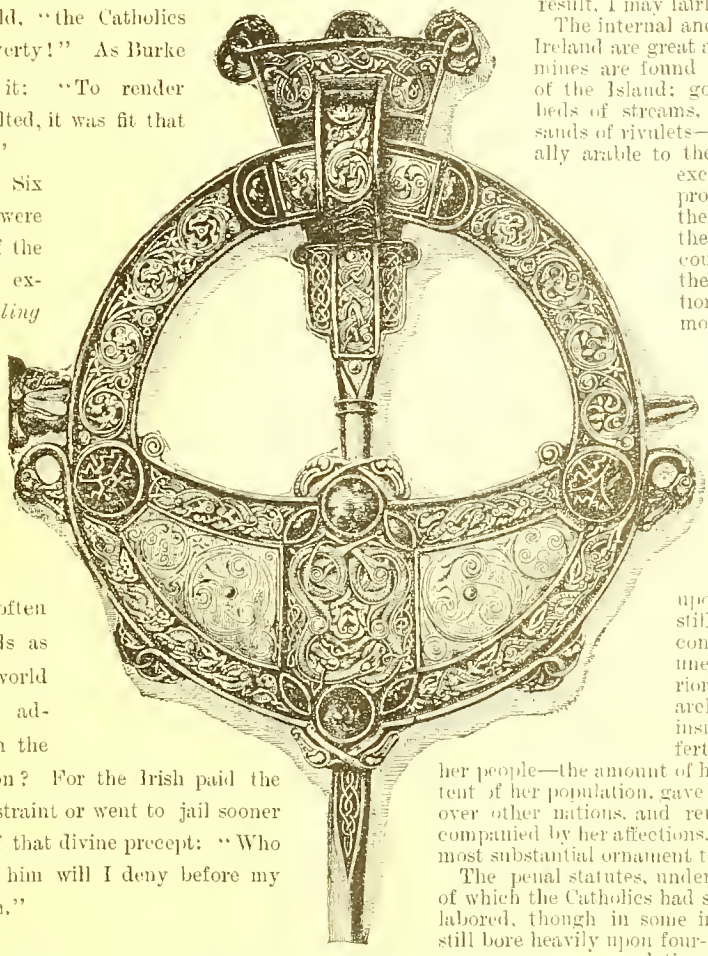
Here is a fragment of the Penal Code against Catholics, every individual act of which was a direct violation of the solemn Treaty of Limerick! They excluded Irish Catholics from the private as well as public profession and practice of their religion, from education, from the profession of the law, from intermarriage with Protestants, from the magistracy, from municipal corporations, and from all hope of rising to any civic position—all passed between the seventh year of William the III. and the twenty-ninth of George the II.:

7th of William III., chapter 4.
7th of William III., chapter 5.
9th of William III., chapter 1.
9th of William III., chapter 3.
10th of William III., chapter 8.
10th of William III., chapter 13.
2d of Anne, chapter 3.
2d of Anne, chapter 6.
2d of Anne, chapter 7.
4th of Anne, chapter 2.
6th of Anne, chapter 6.
8th of Anne, chapter 3.
12th of George I., chapter 3.
1st of George II., chapter 22.
7th of George II., chapter 5.
7th of George II., chapter 6.
13th of George II., chapter 6.
19th of George II., chapter 7.
19th of George II., chapter 11.
19th of George II., chapter 12.
21st of George II., chapter 10.
23d of George II., chapter 10.
23d of George II., chapter 14.
29th of George II., chapter 5.

Twenty-four penal enactments against the Irish people in sixty years! By the first of these *education was prohibited to Catholics from one end of Ireland to the other.* No Catholic could be a schoolmaster, and no Catholic parent could have acted in that capacity, except by stealth *to his own children!* By the second, Catholics were forbidden from bearing arms, and restrictions were imposed on the binding of Catholic youth as apprentices. Here is a deliberate act of Parliament against industry. By the third, Catholic priests were expelled from their native land *forever.* By the fourth, intermarriage between Catholics

and Protestants was forbidden. By the fifth, even the humble situation of gamekeeper was interdicted to an Irish-Catholic. The sixth excluded the upper class of Catholics from practice at the bar. In short, every class of Irishmen professing the religion of Alfred the Great and the Magna Charta Barons was proscribed—all consigned to ignorance and poverty in the land of their birth! "Yet," in the words of Wakefield, "the Catholics are reproached with poverty!" As Burke beautifully expresses it: "To render humanity fit to be insulted, it was fit that it should be degraded."

Nor was this all. Six other penal enactments were in force prior to any of the above. One of those exacted a *fine of one shilling for every omission on the part of a Catholic to attend a Protestant church on a Sunday!*—a full third of an Irish laborer's weekly wages, at the standard of 6*d.* per day! And it is often less. Here were thirds as well as tithes! Has the world ever witnessed such adherence to principle on the part of an entire nation? For the Irish paid the fines or submitted to distraint or went to jail sooner than act in violation of that divine precept: "Who denies me *before men*, him will I deny before my Father who is in heaven."



THE TARA BROOCH (REVERSE OR BACK).

It shows the perfection of Irish Art before the English.

THE VERY HIGHEST TESTIMONY.

The following extracts from a famous work by Sir Jonah Barrington, LL.D., K.C., Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, goes far to support this entire argument:

The Irish people have been as little known, as they have been grossly defamed to the rest of Europe.

The lengths to which English writers have proceeded in pursuit of this object would surpass all belief, were not the facts proved by history written under the immediate eye and sanction of Irish Governments, histories replete with falsehood, which, combined with the still more mischievous misrepresentations of modern writers, form altogether a mass of the most cruel calumnies that ever weighed down the character of a meritorious people.

The people of England, and also of some continental kingdoms, are fully aware of the distracted state of Ireland, but are at a loss to account for it; it is now, however, in proof, that thirty-three years of Union have been thirty-three years of beggary and disturbance, and this result, I may fairly say, I always foresaw.

The internal and natural advantages of Ireland are great and inexhaustible. Rich mines are found in almost every quarter of the Island; gold is discovered in the beds of streams, and washed from the sands of rivulets—the mountains are generally arable to their summits—the valleys exceed in fertility the most prolific soils of England—the rivulets, which flow along the declivities adapt the country most peculiarly to the improvement of irrigation; and the bogs and mosses of Ireland, utterly unlike the fens and marshes of England, emit no damp or noxious exhalations.

Ireland, possessing the strongest features of a powerful state, though laboring under every disadvantage which a restricted commerce and a jealous ally could inflict upon her prosperity, might still have regarded with contempt the comparatively unequal resources and inferior powers of half the monarchies of Europe. Her insular situation—her great fertility—the character of her people—the amount of her revennes—and the extent of her population, gave her a decided superiority over other nations, and rendered her crown, if accompanied by her affections, not only a brilliant but a most substantial ornament to the British empire.

The penal statutes, under the tyrannical pressure of which the Catholics had so long and so grievously labored, though in some instances softened down, still bore heavily upon four-fifths of the Irish population—a code, which would have dishonored even the sanguinary pen of Draco, had inflicted every pain and penalty, every restriction and oppression, under which a people could linger out a miserable existence. By these statutes the exercise of religion had been held a crime, the education of children a high misdemeanor—the son was encouraged to betray his father—the child rewarded for the ruin of his parent—the house of God declared a public nuisance—the officiating pastor proclaimed an outlaw—the acquirement of property absolutely prohibited—the exercise of trades restrained—plunder legalized in courts of law, and breach of trust rewarded in courts of equity—the Irish

Catholic excluded from the possession of any office or occupation in the State, the law, the army, the navy, the municipal bodies, and the chartered corporations—and the mild doctrines of the Christian faith perverted, even in the pulpit, to the worst purposes of religious persecution.

The case of England and Ireland is not merely a question of law, or even simply of constitution; it is a question actually embracing the law of nations, commercial treaties existed between them as independent countries, and Ireland enjoyed for eighteen years all the rights which the law of nations confers on independent States.

The difficulties of dissolving the union are exaggerated, the situation of both countries presented far greater obstacles for their arrangement in 1782 than are at this moment existing.

England at that period had usurped a dominion over the Irish legislature; policy and justice called on her to relinquish that dominion; she obeyed the call, and the repeal of her own statute (sixth George I.) by inference admitted the usurpation of centuries.

Still the power of re-enactment remained; Ireland claimed a statutable renunciation of such a power, and a guarantee for the *entire and unqualified* Independence of the Irish legislature, and realm, *for ever*.

England saw, and admitted, the policy and justice of the demand; she again obeyed the call, and voluntarily did guarantee *for ever* the independence and integrity of Ireland.

The experiment succeeded, and both countries prospered. The union was enacted, and both countries feel the ruin of it.

England, therefore, has only to act upon the very same principle of honor, policy and justice, as in 1782, and follow her former precedent, which conferred such benefits on both—Ireland has nothing to repeal; her Parliament was incompetent, and her statute was a nullity. The English Act of Union was a statute *de jure*, and may be renounced as in 1782.

When a million shadows fall thick and deep in open day, do we strain our eyes for further evidence in the sky that the sun is there? When the forest is a wreck, and the huge oak, as well as the tiny poplar, lies equally low, do we generally conclude that all the roots were rotten? And when those up-torn roots, stout and rugged even in ruin, point, like so many fingers, to a certain point of the compass, do we look to any other for the source of the storm? Is the ruin of a nation less self-demonstrative? England flourishes, Ireland withers: has that notorious fact less significance than the mute indications of inanimate nature? Is it not true, then, for John Stuart Mill in his "Principles of Political Economy?"—"*When the inhabitants of a country quit the country, en masse, because its government will not make it a place fit for them to live in,* THE GOVERNMENT IS JUDGED AND CONDEMNED."

Pointing Our Moral.

In public affairs, as in private life, the responsible party will try to shift the blame or disgrace of a shameful failure by throwing it on some one else; but England is debarred of that make-shift by two tyrannical usurpations of her own. *Up to the first day of the present century she had to recognize a native legislature in Ireland*, at least in theory, doing all she could to hamper it by her Viceroys and agents at the Castle of Dublin, but more especially by two high-handed Parliamentary agressions, one so far back as the reign of the 7th Henry and the other in that of the 1st George. The former is known as Poyning's Law, 10th of Henry VII., chapters 4 and 22, requiring from the Irish Parliament the submission to the English Privy Council of the headings of every proposed enactment before consideration in Dublin; but the latter *for the first time since the English Invasion in 1172* boldly asserted the right of the English Parliament to pass laws binding on Ireland. This was at the beginning of the second quarter of the last century. So she has all the credit with her hirelings in Ireland of the social and domestic chaos created there by the curse of her touch. Whether the Irish Parliament has to share this peculiar credit with her or not, one thing stands out in the boldest historic relief, that the vast majority of the Irish people had not one representative in either House of either Parliament during the whole of the eighteenth century, and, therefore, their hands are clean of the foul bargain which bought and sold a nation's birthright on the last day of that century.

CONCLUSION.

How far this little effort may be successful in reaching its goal, the creation or at least the extension here of an enlightened public opinion favorable to the present movement in the English Commons for Home Rule in Ireland—in better words, for the restoration of her swindled right to manage her own affairs, a right continuously exercised (though often interrupted) not only before, but ever since the first landing of the English as invaders in the twelfth century till the first day of this century. How far this effort may succeed we cannot measure to the notch; but this we are pretty sure of, that the twenty-four thousand copies of it which we print and issue now have *in themselves* a double attraction, literary and artistic, which is well calculated to preserve this production for many long years to come, with this obvious result—the correction of misconceptions about Ireland and England, to the due appreciation of the former as a land of beauty and bounty, and a due appreciation of the latter too as that of the kettle-of-fish.

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